Week ending July 26 1958 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

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EMERGENCY CALL TO DANGER

by FRED SULLIVAN

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OUT FRIDAY JULY 25

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Ideal Home MAGAZINE—AUGUST ISSUE

FREE SPEECH

It's Time We Ended This Battle Of The Beaches

I'm just back from holiday at what used to be a quiet seaside town—and I've been buffeted, bothered and bewildered for the whole two weeks.

It's time we got our beaches organized sensibly. Surely they could be split up—one section where children could dig their death-trap pot-holes to their hearts' content; another for those energetic adults who knock cricket balls always into *my* lap; and one for me, a haven for the tired and the lazy.

G. MITCHELL, BRISTOL.

★ ★ ★

Shave No More

Angela Wilsher's article on beauty treatment and electrolysis ("My Own Boss," June 14) was most interesting—but it didn't answer the question most men must have asked at some time: will electrolysis remove the stubborn bristles on a man's face? I expect it would be expensive—but it would be worth the expense if it worked. Is it really possible?

A. MALTBY, LOWER KIRKLINGTON ROAD, SOUTHWELL, NOTTS.

"Yes, it's theoretically possible," says Angela Wilsher. "But a man's bristles are so strong and so close that it would take five or six years, with a five-hour sitting every day at first. So for some months your shave would cost about £6 a day—and give you a very sore face. I doubt if a man could stand the pain for so long."

★ ★ ★

Britain And The Bomb

Britain's H-bombs are superfluous; we should set the world an example and scrap them, says Richard Scott ("The New Atomic Peril," July 5). I disagree.

At present we are tied to America—but it may not always be so. There may come a time when we disagree with American policy so much that we wish to be neutral, to stand aside and let the two giant nations get on with it. If this happens our having the bomb *may* persuade others to leave us alone.

CYNTHIA BRIGGS, FRIERN WATCH AVENUE, FINCHLEY, LONDON.

★ ★ ★

Exit Earwigs

The tip about trapping ants ("Free Speech," July 5) made me wonder if anyone can help me to exterminate earwigs. On this estate we are plagued with them. There are masses on the doorstep every morning, they get into the larder—and even into the bedclothes.

I. M. WILSON, SANDHURST CLOSE, GILLINGHAM, KENT.

"Earwigs hide during the day—that's why they get into bedding," says an entomologist. "The best thing is to trap them at source, probably a rough bit of garden. Put some hay in an upturned plant-pot on top of a stick. When the earwigs hide in it, burn the hay. Or you could dust the doorstep with insecticide."

★ ★ ★

Jabs—In July

I have tried to be sensible about having my child vaccinated against polio, despite all the fuss over whether it is safe. But when at last my child's turn came, the card summoned us to

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Why do so many people find Wrigley's Spearmint so refreshing in Summer?

Because its clean flavour keeps their mouths feeling cool and fresh

TRY SOME YOURSELF YOU'LL LIKE IT!

8201/8

FREE SPEECH

continued from page 3

attend *in late July*. I thought it was unsafe to vaccinate in summer, when polio epidemics are more likely.

Vaccination used to stop in June. If there has been any change of opinion about the safety of July-September vaccination, has the public been told? Certainly I haven't heard about it; it seems I must take it on trust.

MRS. M. M., BROMLEY, KENT.

"We didn't allow summer vaccination in 1956," says the Ministry of Health. "But though there is still a minority medical opinion that it isn't safe, our advisers are sure it is. We announced this in May, 1957—but as vaccine was scarce little vaccination was done last summer."

"Newly Dec."

Searching through estate agents' lists for a new house I have learned to fight shy of the type of property you are told you can't view at present as "the owners are busy redecorating."

What this usually means is that their new colour scheme is one you wouldn't like—but if you buy the house you'll have to put up with it because you don't like destroying something that has been newly done.

And you also have the sneaking suspicion that for the price of about £10 worth of attractive, but cheap, wallpapers and paint, the price of the house has gone up another £100.

Having "everything ready to walk into" puts me off—and I'm sure it does many others in an age of do-it-yourself. Give me the cheaper house where I can choose my own surroundings.

MRS. HAZEL WHEELER, WOODHOUSE HALL ROAD, FARTOWN, HUDDERSFIELD.

Gallant Grant

All building society officials are not as ungallant as the one who said it was unwise to make loans to spinsters in case they married and couldn't keep up the payments. ("Free Speech," June 28).

A few years ago, when I was twenty-five, I applied for a house loan and it was granted immediately—without a guarantor. All my dealings with the society were by letter, so unless they sent out sleuths I fail to see how they could possibly have known whether I was bespectacled and straight-haired or a beauty queen.

And three years later, when I married and sold the house and we bought another, the same society refused a loan to my husband.

MRS. H. W., NETHER HALL ROAD, BAILDON, YORKS.

Not Good Enough

It is ridiculous for British Railways to say that their warning notices at unattended crossings are adequate ("Free Speech," June 28). How can they be when lives are being lost?

They shouldn't just brush off your reader's suggestion that gates should have a locking device; research should continue—and not stop until they've got something that works.

D. BURNINGHAM, ELM TERRACE, WORTHING, SUSSEX.

"We have considered a safety-locking system for these crossings, but it would cost too much," say British Railways.

Floating Gardens

I have never seen trees on wheels ("Free Speech," June 28). but I have seen gardens that could be moved from one place to another.

These were the floating gardens on the beautiful Dal Lake, Srinagar, Kashmir, in which the local people grow fruit and vegetables.

But there is a snag. Sometimes a thief comes

in the night. Next day the owner finds his garden gone, towed to another part of the lake.

F. WOOD, MANDRAKE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.17.

In the photograph a small floating garden is being poled to its mooring place. The gardens are made of twigs and rich soil which is dug up from the lake bed. They rest on the masses of weeds which float just below the surface—and which are also used as fertilizer.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

UNLIKE fish and chips, ice cream knows neither class nor age. In fact, it was a king—Charles I—who first caused it to be made in Britain after Marco Polo had brought it from the East into Italy. Seventy years ago Italians first sold paper-wrapped ices in English streets crying: "Hokey-pokey, penny a lump! Enough to make the donkey jump." Comments Heseltine, who often has an ice while he is painting: "My cover children might be surprised to hear that they contribute to sales totalling £100 million a year."

In The Negative

After a blood test I was given a card bearing all the details about my group—Rhesus negative—and was told to hand it to the person in charge should I ever have to go into hospital.

I did this—only to be told that it wasn't necessary to hand the card in as another blood test would be made automatically.

It says on the card that it is a very important document. Well . . . is it?

MRS. M. S., LONGLANDS AVENUE, MORECAMBE.

"These cards are a bit of an anachronism," says the Blood Transfusion Service, "but when they were first issued, hospitals didn't always make blood tests. Now the card only draws the nurses' attention to the patient's group; they make their own tests in case of clerical error."

Not So Handy

Man, compared with machinery, is absurdly inefficient. Engineers would never be satisfied with a machine that worked on one side only—but that is all most men can manage.

A man can be put out of action for weeks by a minor injury to his right thumb; yet if it had been his left he could have got on with the job. If our schools really set about the job of teaching children to be ambidextrous this one-sided inefficiency would disappear.

E. HUMPHREYS, WESTON STREET, BIRMINGHAM, 7.

"We might be more efficient, but we'd suffer for it," says a doctor. "We have a natural, biological dominance in one hand—four out of five people in the right—and to interfere with it can make a child's life a misery. It can cause a lot of trouble, such as stuttering."

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

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Flower-filled valleys, exotic trees and silver sands make Tresco a paradise for holiday-makers. Now the peaceful Scilly isle prepares a Royal welcome

Lonely island fit for a queen

by STANLEY BARON

As the launch Kittern, nosing her way among the Scilly Isles, entered St. Warna's Bay for a brief stop before heading towards the granite jetty of Tresco the boatman joked: "Drop a pin for luck into St. Warna's Well." The men among the forty-five trippers searched their lapels vainly, which was just as well. For St. Warna, who is said to have sailed to the Scillies in a coracle, is the patroness of wrecks.

Until the middle of last century, whenever an islander threw a pin into her well he was likely to accompany it with a prayer, "Send us a good wreck," or, wrapping it up in piety, "We beseech Thee, O Lord, not that wrecks should happen, but that if any wrecks should happen Thou wilt guide them into the Scilly Isles for the benefit of the poor inhabitants."

St. Warna's dark shadow has always hovered heavily over the Scilly Isles. When the wind blows strongly in these parts, it seldom stops at the sixty-three miles

The harbour at New Grimsby, on Tresco, one of the Scilly Isles which the Queen is due to visit on Sunday

JOHN BULL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

The Duke of Edinburgh visited Tresco in 1955. With the island's owner, Thomas Dorrien-Smith, and his mother, the Duke toured its sights in a governess-cart

per hour which is the criterion for a Force Ten gale. Even the sheltered island of Tresco, which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are due to visit on Sunday, has been raked by ninety-mile-an-hour gusts, and the wind gauge at the Round Island lighthouse in the extreme north of the group has been known to break at 110 m.p.h.

Over the years the wind has left its mark, as the Queen will no doubt notice. Counting the isles and islets of the Scillies is like counting heads at a children's party. According to the play of the weather, or whether a rock is listed as an island or an island as a rock, it can be anything from about forty to 150. Between them they have claimed an average of a ship a year during nearly three centuries in which records have been kept.

Within living memory kegs of rum, French wine, sherry and brandy have floated into grateful hands on the five inhabited islands. Along with them have come assorted household goods. Once they included a sewing machine. And once the western shore of the isle of Bryher was paved so deep in coconuts that the inhabitants said it would have been possible to walk on them out to the nearest rocks.

The panelling in the drawing-room of Tresco Abbey, home of Lieutenant-Commander Thomas Dorrien-Smith, owner of Tresco, is barnacle-covered teak, taken from wrecks. As a curio, the commander and his wife display the rusted corner of a small iron box which was dredged up with a pair of American twenty-dollar gold pieces wedged immovably in the angle.

Down on the harbour the big anchor symbolically embedded in the sea wall is a token from the German barque Sophie, dismasted, abandoned and beached there sixty years ago. On Tresco, the wreck relics lie thick.

When the weather is calm, as is usual at this time of the year, it is difficult to imagine any of this. A storm in the Scillies comes with the pounce of a tigress, but it usually departs as quickly. In the luminous, unruffled spells which often follow a gale the islands have the appearance of floating on a lake composed equally of air and water. On all sides of Tresco, except the north, silver sand stretches out below the sea into long shallows, changing the deep blue of the Atlantic into subtle shades of aquamarine.

The island is only a couple of miles from tip to tip and a mile across at its broadest. But within its boundaries it manages to contain two fresh water lakes, a stretch of moorland, four fairly large bays, each quite different from the others, rugged rocks piled high like castles, a pair of hamlets, a town, half a dozen pinewoods, four small farms, in addition to the Abbey's own big one, a couple of castles and a sub-tropical garden with a wealth of flowering and exotic trees unrivalled in Europe.

"Tresco," said a visitor recently, "is one of the few places I know where you can almost hear your own thoughts."

The people who live there might not speak of their island in these terms. But they would know what he meant. Apart from the occasional rattle of a tractor and the wind in the trees or the scuffle of a bird or rabbit (myxomatosis is unknown), the only regular sound is the mutter of the steamship company's launches coming in twice a day from St. Mary's Island, loading or disembarking visitors, goods, flowers and new potatoes, or of a local boat putting off to another island.

Appropriately, the girls on Tresco are likely to be fine-boned beauties with aloof, aristocratic blue eyes, and a seaman's long gaze.

Angela Hicks works at the New Inn on Tresco. From her home on the island of Bryher she rows to work each morning

There are no cars on Tresco, although the island has two or three miles of well-made lanes connecting the hamlets. The only motor vehicles on the island are a few tractors.

Owning a launch, and employing a boatman to steer it, as Commander Dorrien Smith does, is the equivalent of running a chauffeur-driven car. To get to and fro between his house and the nearest landing slip means a half-mile walk or a ride in the family governess-cart. Unless a car is shipped in for the occasion, which would mean practically dismantling and rebuilding it, that is the way the Queen will travel.

A handful of cottages cluster around the church in grandiloquently named Dolphin Town, which stands inland on high ground, but most of Tresco's fifty-five homes, lichened and weathered to a soft grey-green, are in New Grimsby or Old Grimsby, on opposite sides of the waist of the island. Old Grimsby's jetty was washed into decrepitude many gales ago, and its boats now go off the beach. Perhaps the fact that New Grimsby's jetty just—but only just—reaches into a depth of five feet of water at high tide would be enough to make it the island's capital. But it also has an inn and a shop and a post office to clinch the matter.

In addition, and still more to the point, it has the Hicks family.

The Hicks have an honoured place in the aristocracy of Tresco and Bryher and, indeed, of the Scillies. With the Penders, the Jenkins, the Williams and the Smiths (unhyphenated) most of them are pure Scillonians. In the archipelago this is like claiming Norman blood in England, or being a descendant of the Mayflower settlers in America.

ONLY if his parents and grandparents on both sides have been born in the islands can a man be called a true Scillonian. The Hicks go back to the time of the first Elizabeth. But this need not mean that they always stay in the Scillies. When Obadiah Hicks, the present head of the family, and his wife Mary Ann, now both in their seventies, were introduced to the Duke of Edinburgh during his last visit to the island, they surprised him by saying that they had been married at John o' Groat's.

When Obadiah climbs the lane to the top field above his eight-acre farm, to milk his two cows and feed his mare, he can look down with pride over neat, rectangular fields which he himself grubbed clear of bracken.

He can watch his elder son Ivor driving a tractor between the pink-flowering pittosporum hedges, which he planted himself to shield his Sol d'Ors, the most famous of all Scillonian narcissi, and his Scilly Whites from the tearing winter winds. Behind the cottage, which he helped to build when he was a young man, he can see his wife crossing the yard to the glasshouses which he also built. She is cultivating her own collection of succulent plants and cacti.

If he cares to, he can look across the water to the wide sands of Bryher and the homes of his younger son Vernon and his daughter Dorothy, both married with families.

Even the boats they handle to get from island to island are Hicks-built, in the shed beside the glasshouses. One of them, a twenty-one foot launch, is called the Joie. The name spells out the initials of the four men who worked on her together: John Jenkins (Obadiah's neighbour), Obadiah, Ivor and Edward (Obadiah's son-in-law). "I wouldn't say that any one of us designed her," says Ivor. "She's a proper farm boat. She just grew."

On Tresco they learn to take the rough with the smooth, and there is a good deal of both. Just lately three bad flower seasons have meant heavy losses and caused the Abbey estate to cut down its regular labour force by ten men. Some

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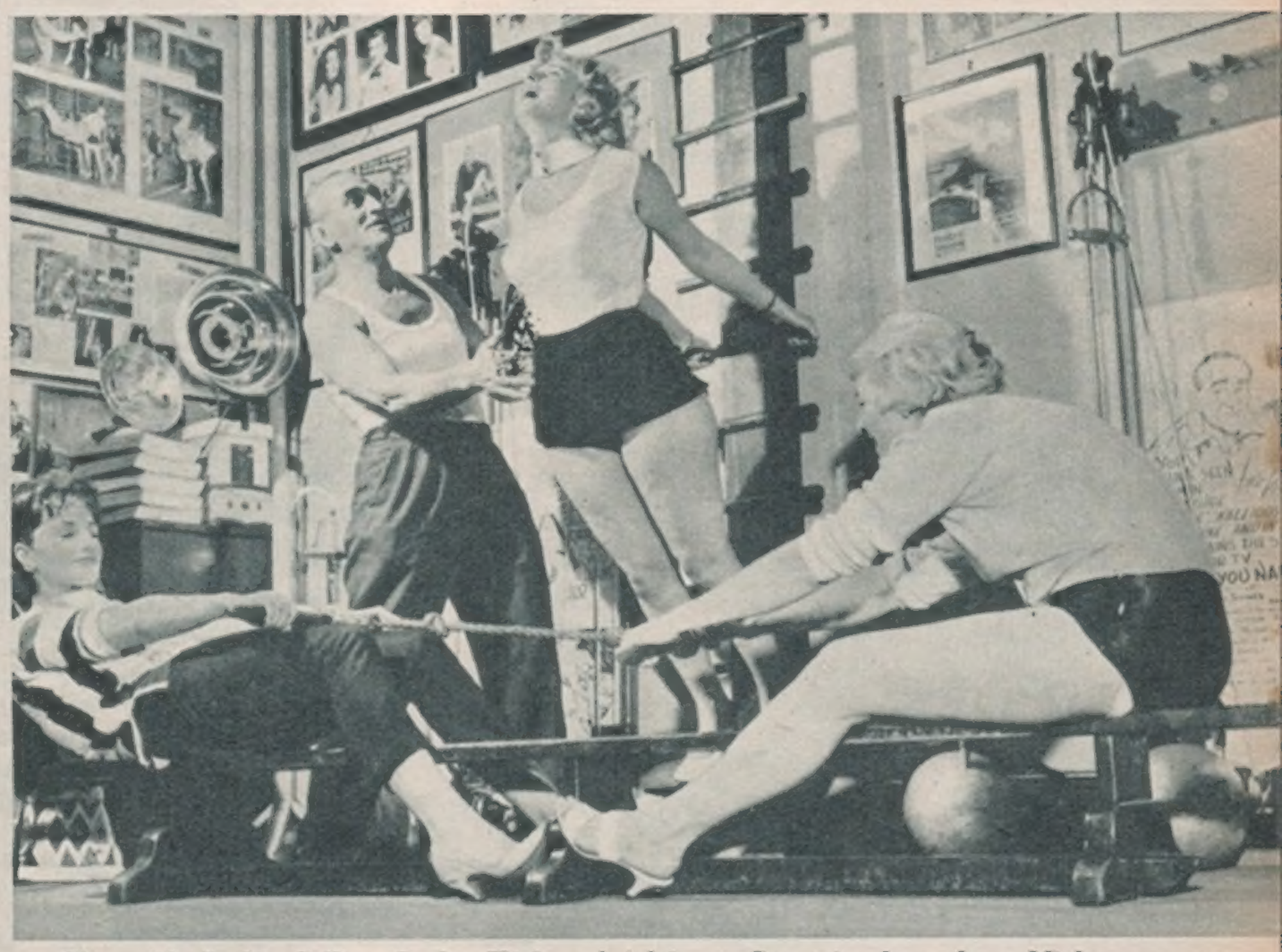
Have you got enough *Zip?*



Showgirls Jackie Collins, Lesley Kick and Adrienne Germaine keep fit at Mickey Woods's London gymnasium. Barbara Roscoe (left) is a weight-lifting enthusiast

You can test your fitness

by bending your back,

flexing your grip, or even

by lying on the floor

by REX GRIZELL

EVERY woman would like to be able to finish her day feeling fit and fresh—and some housewives have their own rather special ideas about how this can be done.

A woman in Maiden Bradley, Wiltshire, polishes her floors with a duster tied to each foot. She claims that the exercise keeps her fit and slims her hips. A housewife of Southend Road, Weston-super-Mare, advocates panting like a dog each morning and evening to strengthen the bronchial tubes and lungs.

"The country is more fitness conscious than ever before," says an official of the Central Council of Physical Recreation. "But most people follow fairly orthodox roads to fitness."

Every one of the 150 courses in thirty-five different sports, from fly-fishing to rock-climbing, provided in different parts of the country by the C.C.P.R. has been heavily booked in advance. London's gymnasia and judo centres are crowded with paying clients from all walks of life—bankers, factory workers, solicitors, doctors, business men and housewives.

But for the vast majority of people this is a chairborne era.

"Nobody would expect to keep fit spending most of every day in a wheelchair," says one expert. "Yet most of us are doing just that. We sit at work, we sit to and from work in buses, trains and cars, and we sit in cinemas, theatres, pubs and in front of the television set."

The effect of the chairborne way of life was recently demonstrated in America by doctors in the University of New York. After studying a large number of patients with back trouble, they came to the conclusion that habitual lack of exercise was the probable cause. They evolved a series of simple test movements which could be used to diagnose weak muscles.

These tests were carried out on four thousand American and three thousand Italian, Swiss and Austrian children between six and sixteen. The percentage of Italian children failing at least one test was 8, Swiss 8.8, Austrians 9.5 and Americans 57.9. The American children were larger and better fed, but through lack of exercise they had failed to build up a well-knit muscle structure.

In this country, doctors are speaking of sub-strength patients, people who are not positively ill but who have high pulse rates, high blood pressure, low reserves against stress and low muscle strength—all resulting from lack of exercise.

A Medical Research Council specialist says that it is patients of this type who later tend to develop such diseases as heart trouble, duodenal ulcers, diabetes and liver disorders.

Fitness is hard to define and difficult to measure, but the following exercise can be used as a rough estimate.

Take the pulse rate when at rest and note it. Step up and down thirty times on to a bench or kitchen chair—unhurriedly but without pause for breath, taking about a minute. Immediately after the last step sit on the chair and take the pulse rate again (it can be taken for fifteen seconds and multiplied by four to give the rate for the minute). Rest for half a minute, then take the pulse again.

"The normal pulse rate varies from person to person between fifty and ninety, with seventy as the average," says a specialist. "People also vary as to how much exercise sends the rate up. The measure of fitness in this test is the speed with which the pulse returns towards the normal for the person. The quicker the recovery, the fitter the person."

As a test of muscle strength, lie on the floor with a cushion about six inches thick under your waist. With your hands on the back of

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NO GLORY

by ROBERT HOLMES

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

Maggie's eyes flashed. "I think you're all completely mad—you especially, Johnny." Her voice broke. "And don't ever come near me again"

INSIDE the dustbin Flynn was more cramped than he had thought he would be. He was squatting on his haunches, his knees folded hard against his chest. His head was bent forward, almost resting on his knees, but if he raised it only an inch he would disturb the lid.

He made a conscious attempt to relax his strained muscles, to breathe slowly and deeply from his diaphragm. It was only a few minutes after three and he had six hours to endure in this position. Evans had told him not to move before nine o'clock.

Not for the first time he wondered at himself for becoming involved in what was surely the maddest and most hazardous rag day stunt in the university's history. He might be dead before the moon came up that night. These might be his last hours of life. It was ridiculous that he should spend them cowering in a dustbin, but the thought brought no smile to his lips. He was too frightened.

Flynn had been frightened from the time he left the greengrocer's van, creeping from under a covering of old potato sacks and stepping down into the courtyard of Tower Grange. In that moment the whole schoolboyish jest turned flat and sour. He was on his own—an intruder in a place guarded by guns and dogs and electronic rays.

He had scurried down the steps to the basement to hide. But the door to the boiler-room was locked and, in his panic desire to get out of sight, he had been driven to the dustbin.

He moved his legs fractionally, trying to ease the burning ache that was spreading along his thighs. To calm his mind he tried thinking of Maggie. She had got him into this, though she would never understand how. . . .

Maggie Anderson was a girl he had seen a lot of that summer. Three days ago he had been sitting with her in a High Street coffee bar when Lewis Evans and Frank Baker came up to their table.

Evans wasted little time in getting to the point. Among the many committees connected with the annual rag day, he said, was his own distinctly unofficial group. Its object was to arrange unusual publicity. Last year, for instance, a whole motor rally had been diverted into St. Crispin's quadrangle at midnight.

Flynn said amusedly: "I've often wondered who did that."

"It took a bit of arranging. This year the plan calls for a lone wolf effort. We need somebody who is a good climber, Johnny—and your ability is pretty well known."

"I hadn't realized," Flynn said. A few months earlier he had won a small wager by climbing the

FOR FLYNN

Johnny was paying dearly for his daring rag day joke. Already he had lost Maggie—and by nightfall he would probably be dead

Boundle Clock. He wondered how Evans had got to hear of it.

"What do you want Johnny to do?" Maggie asked.

Evans grinned. "Do you know Tower Grange?"

"The research centre?" Flynn said.

"That's the place. It's an old mansion with a tower, about three miles out along the London road. It belongs to the government now and there's something very hush-hush going on there. Well"—Evans leaned across the table—"we thought it would be a terrific stunt to hang the Red Flag over the place and then call in the newspapers."

"Think how it would upset the boffins," Baker said.

"There'd certainly be an uproar," Flynn agreed, grinning at the thought. "But I doubt if it would *prove* as simple as it sounds. I imagine their security is pretty tight."

"Armed guards, dogs, electrified wire—the lot," Evans said. "That's what makes it so worthwhile."

Baker nodded. "We haunted the place—absolutely *haunted* it—for a month before we worked out a way of doing the job," he said. "Now we need your co-operation, Johnny."

Evans said: "We can get you in and we can get you out again afterwards. We've a foolproof plan. Are you game, Johnny?"

"Well, I——" Flynn paused. Despite himself, he was intrigued by the idea, tempted by its prospect of excitement. Finally he said: "I can't really decide until I've seen this tower."

"If that part of it is all right, you'll agree to do it?"

AGAIN Flynn hesitated. He looked helplessly at Maggie and she shook her head warningly. Flynn saw Evans and Baker exchange glances and knew that they, too, had understood Maggie's meaning. "If the tower is possible, I'll do it," he said quickly, anxious to assert his independence. It should be quite fun."

"Fun!" Maggie said. She gave her shoulders a little shake as if to make sure she was not dreaming. "It's time you grew up."

Baker glanced at her uneasily. "Tell them about the plan, Lewis," he said.

Taking out a pencil, Evans began drawing diagrams on the back of the menu card. He explained that the grounds of the grange were entirely surrounded by a wall twelve feet high which was topped by angle-irons carrying electrified wire. There was almost certainly an alarm system. The guards carried rifles and were supported by a number of alsatian dogs.

"That's the extent of the outer defences," he said. "I'm afraid we don't know what they have up at the house."

Flynn was shaken. "Tanks and flame-throwers?" he suggested.

"On the contrary, they probably have only one man. They must be pretty confident about their perimeter security."

"With reason."

EVANS grinned and went on to describe the precautions taken at the gate, the numbered passes, the screening of workers, and so on. Several vans which he believed were from the Ministry of Supply visited the grange regularly. There were also one or two tradesmen's vans delivering supplies for the canteen. These vans picked up a guard at the gates but were apparently never searched. Therefore they had arranged to smuggle a man past the gates in the greengrocery van. It could be done without even the driver knowing he had an extra passenger.

"It sounds thrilling," Flynn said. "What happens next?"

"Once inside the grounds, you drop off at the first chance you get and hide till it gets dark. Then you shin up the tower and break out the flag. Afterwards you make for a prearranged part of the wall. We'll be waiting on the outside. You'll hoot like an owl and I'll hoot back—so we can be sure you're *exactly* opposite us—and then we chuck over a rope and pull you out."

"And when he reaches the top of the wall there'll be a big blue flash and a sizzling sound," Maggie said.

"No, my dear. We shall have covered the wire with rubber bath mats." Evans gave her a bland smile and turned back to Flynn. "Simple speed will beat their alarm system—but you must be on to that rope the moment it comes over. We'll have you out and away long before the guards begin moving."

"And they'll be looking on the inside, anyway," Baker said.

Flynn nodded thoughtfully. There was a brief silence. Then Maggie said coldly: "And, after all that, what will you have achieved?"

"We shall have hung the Red Flag over Tower Grange," Evans said.

"What will that prove?"

Evans said: "I'm afraid I don't understand your question. We're not trying to *prove* anything. It's a rag day joke."

"A rather laborious joke, don't you think?" Maggie said. "No, I think you *are* trying to prove something—how big and clever you are. Little boys play tricks on teacher for the same reason."

Secretly Flynn was rather flattered at seeing Maggie so obviously angry and worried about

him, but he wanted to prevent her quarrelling openly with Evans. He said, with false heartiness: "Well, it's not a bad plan, Lewis, but if it doesn't work I'm going to be Johnny-on-the-spot, aren't I?"

Maggie turned on him waspishly. "If it doesn't work, you're going to be dead."

"Oh, now——"

"Johnny, it'll be dark. They're obviously expecting trouble. Saboteurs, not crazy students. Supposing some trigger-happy guard——?" She stopped, her eyes appealing to him to have just a shred of common sense.

Evans cleared his throat. "I think you exaggerate the danger."

"That's the kind of damned silly, pompous remark I'd expect from you," Maggie snapped. "If Johnny's caught, he'll be sent down for certain—that's at the best. At the worst he'll either break his neck, get himself shot, or be electrocuted." She laughed bitterly. "Some joke."

"Don't forget his chances of being torn to bits by the dogs," Evans said. He turned to Flynn. "Do you want to back out, Johnny?"

"No, of course not," Flynn said. He avoided looking at Maggie, and then did look as her chair crashed back. She was on her feet, her face very red.

"I won't have anything to do with it," she said. "I think you're all completely mad—you especially, Johnny. And I . . . don't ever come near me again!"

Her voice broke on the last words. She turned and almost ran to the door. Flynn got half-way to his feet and then sat down again, aware of the eyes watching him.

He forced a smile. "Well, there go my dance-dates for the rest of the year," he said. . . .

IF only Maggie had not turned so bossy, so possessive, Flynn thought ruefully, he might not have been sitting here now. He had not seen her since that day. In the ordinary way that could not have happened, so he knew she had been avoiding him deliberately.

He was surprised how much that had hurt. He was surprised how much he had missed her. . . .

A sharp attack of cramp brought his thoughts back to the present. He looked at his watch and saw that it was not yet five. It was unbelievable that time could move so slowly.

Numbness crept up into his abdomen and then into his chest, so that even breathing became difficult. He had strange, incoherent thoughts, and for long periods of time he lost consciousness. He did not know whether he was dozing or whether he was blacking out through partial asphyxiation. It did not seem to matter.

He checked the luminous dial of his watch at eight fifteen. The next time he remembered to look it was ten past nine. It was with a deliberate effort of will that he forced himself to move. He did not want to move. He was almost comfortable now.

Silently he lifted the dustbin lid and managed to balance it on edge against the wall. His arms had not cramped and he started to lever himself up. At once the pain hit him again, racking his body from ankle to chest.

Somehow he got out and, only semi-conscious, clutched at the wall.

He began retching dryly. Then, gradually, the spasm passed and he was able to think clearly again. But it was another ten minutes before he dared leave the support of the wall.

Gently he rubbed the blood back into his legs and stomach. His calf muscles were twisted and knotted. He was not in a fit condition, at the moment, to climb even a ladder. But it was nearly nine thirty and he was late. He had to get the job over before the moon came up.

Flynn was wearing rubber-soled canvas shoes. He found he could move quietly enough in them, but his legs felt oddly apart from him. He rounded the corner of the building and headed for the far wing. It was very dark in the courtyard and he moved with extreme caution. He hoped that Evans had been right in thinking that the grange itself would be lightly guarded. If there were dogs up here by the house, the slightest noise would be enough to alarm them.

He gave a little sigh of relief as the bulk of the west wing loomed up ahead. Once he was off the ground he would feel better.

Two days before he had spent several hours examining the grange through binoculars from a hillside half a mile away. Four storeys in height and built on an L-shaped plan, the house had two wings, each with three gables. The tower was at the junction of the two wings, over the main hall.

There was a dark screen of ivy covering the rear wall of the west wing almost to the second-floor windows, and it was his intention to make use of this in the first stage of his climb. Now, as he felt the thick, gnarled creepers under his hands, he allowed himself a small whisper of satisfaction. He had not known for sure that it would be strong enough to take his weight.

He began to climb, making more noise than he had expected. The thick, fleshy leaves rustled together at his slightest movement, making silent progress almost impossible. Luckily it was not the kind of sound that carried far.

To his left there was a stone culvert where two fall pipes, from opposite diagonals, converged; from this junction he planned to follow the right-hand pipe to the roof. He made the transition to the culvert easily enough and started up the fall pipe. Above him, the eaves of the roof showed in outline against the night sky. The overhang was not deep and there was a substantial moulded cornice that he had noted through the binoculars.

He climbed the last few feet and reached for the cornice. It was wider than he had thought—almost wide enough to stand on—but, even so, the next couple of minutes were not pleasant. He had to lean back, seventy feet above the cobblestone courtyard, and draw his body out and up until he could get one knee over the eaves and pull himself fully on to the roof.

The roof had a fairly steep pitch and he waited till his breathing had settled before moving on. While on the wall, the mechanics of climbing had fully occupied his mind; now, as he stared down into the darkness, he thought about the guards for the first time that day without apprehension. He had come this far without being detected. The scheme was working. It was going to be a piece of cake. . . .

Grinning to himself at the thought of the headlines his exploit would cause, he moved off across the roof. He came to the angle of a gable and followed it up over the spine of the roof so that the chimneys on both sides concealed his silhouette from anyone watching down below.

He was now behind the tower and able to stand upright. Following the lead flashing, he crossed behind the tower to the east wall, which he had remarked as the shortest and easiest climb.

From the crenellated coping to where he stood was only a matter of twenty feet but, apart from two slit-like windows, one above the other, its surface was perfectly plain. There was, however, a clasping buttress at each corner, and on this eastern face a vertical fall pipe ran close to one corner. It afforded the only possible route.

Reaching up and getting a double-handed grip on the pipe, he began to climb. About eight feet up the pipe there was a cross bracket on which he was able to pause for a moment. He freed one hand and supported himself against the corner buttress until the pounding in his chest abated a little. Then he started to climb again. But with every yard gained he could feel his strength ebbing. His legs were a solid ache from hips to ankles and the rusted iron pipe was tearing away the flesh of his hands. . . .

If he slipped now, he would go all the way. . . .

Gritting his teeth, he strained up another six inches . . . and another. The muscles in his arms and shoulders were bursting. And then suddenly the coping stones were just above him. Reaching up, he scrambled and hauled himself over the castellated wall and fell, utterly spent, on the flat roof of the tower.

Several minutes passed before he dragged himself to his feet again. He moved then only because of an increasing paleness in the sky. The moon was rising. It was ten o'clock by his watch.

He wondered if it was fatigue or reaction that was causing his legs to tremble. There was a nausea in his stomach that reminded him that he had not eaten since midday.

Yet he felt exultant. The hard part was over. In his mind he was already out, enjoying the afterglow of triumph. He unbuttoned his shirt and brought out the flag that he had carried wrapped round his midriff. He walked across to the twenty-foot flagpole and felt for the rope. The anchor bracket to which it should have been fastened was empty.

He stared up. He could see the top of the flagpole clearly. There was the pulley—and no rope ran down from it. No rope.

FOR a moment he could not believe it. Anger swept him as he thought of the risks he had taken to reach this ludicrous climax.

He thought savagely of Evans, who prided himself on his planning, who thought of all the details, who covered all the angles, and who had failed on this one simple, all-important point. Yet it was hardly fair to blame Evans. They had all seen the flagpole and taken the presence of a rope for granted. He himself ought to have noticed that it was missing.

Flynn considered trying to climb the flagpole. He thought he might tear his shirt into tapes and tie the flag on the top. But it was a wild idea. Such a climb would tax what strength he had left, and he still had a tricky journey back to the ground.

He had a half-acknowledged sense of relief. Planning a joke of this kind in the relaxed atmosphere of a coffee bar was one thing; putting

Flynn lay inert on the cobblestones, aware that the guards had heard him fall. Then one of them said: "Somewhere over here . . ."

it into practice was quite another. On the wall of the tower just now, he had felt suddenly sick of the whole lunatic enterprise, knowing that, even if he succeeded, he was going to be ashamed of his part in the affair.

Now, though the plan had failed, he had done all that could be expected of him. He had not let anybody down, but there would be nothing for the press photographers to focus their telescopic lenses on; there would be no rag day laugh this year.

He dropped the flag at the foot of the flagpole and then, on second thoughts, picked it up and put it back inside his shirt. Its discovery might get somebody into trouble.

He took a deep breath and lowered himself backwards over the coping, hanging by his hands until he located the fall pipe with his knees. He knew that physically the climb down would be less arduous than the ascent, but that it would demand more delicate balance and the danger of slipping would be greater.

All the same, his descent was comparatively rapid. He ignored the pain from his lacerated hands. The moonlight was strengthening every minute.

He reached the ivy again and felt for a creeper sturdy enough to bear him. To maintain his balance he kept a grip on the basin-top of the culvert and it was this that saved him. He heard a boot scrape on the cobblestones below and instinctively twisted to see over his shoulder. In the same instant he lost his balance and slipped, and then his whole weight was thrown on his left arm.

There was a terrible wrenching pain in his shoulder and he hung on desperately, clawing for a hold with his right hand.

He remained quite cool. He knew he was only about fifteen feet above the ground. He would not suffer much damage if he fell—but there was somebody in the darkness below. Two people.

Listening intently, he had caught the mutter of voices . . . guards on patrol. They were moving slowly away across the courtyard. Out of his eye corner he saw the flash of a torch. Flynn cursed silently. They were still too near, much too near, but he could not hold on any longer. His shoulder felt dislocated.

As his left hand started to slip he pushed himself away from the wall and fell backwards. He seemed to hit the ground almost instantly. Pain flashed up his right leg and there was a blood-red explosion in his skull.

He did not quite lose consciousness. He was aware of the hardness of the cobblestones under his body. He knew that the guards had heard him fall. They were moving about the yard uncertainly, torchbeams wavering. He heard one say, "Somewhere over here. . . ."

He lay inert, barely breathing. His ankle hurt and he could feel a lump rising on his head. The guards did not seem very sure that they had heard anything after all. They began moving away again, their footsteps fading into the night.

He waited several minutes, till he was sure they would not return, before dragging himself to his feet. Immediately the pain smouldering in his right ankle flamed into life. He choked back a groan.

Sinking to the ground, he examined the ankle anxiously. It did not seem to be broken, but it was puffed to twice its normal size. He felt sick. Now he could neither walk nor stay where he was. A cold sweat of fear broke out on his forehead.

Clumsily he tore the sleeve out of his shirt and made a rough bandage, tying it round the ankle as tightly as he could. His fingers were stiff and awkward and it took a long time to do. When he struggled to his feet again he managed three hobbling steps before collapsing. Waves of agony pounded through his leg. It was no good. Not that way.

After a moment he rolled on to his hands and knees and began to crawl. As he came out of the shadows, the moon seemed to focus on him like a gigantic spotlight. Every yard seemed like a mile. He waited expectantly for the numbing shock of a bullet in his soft, exposed body. But nothing happened. . . .

From the grange to the perimeter wall was a little over two hundred yards, most of it through coniferous woodland. When at last Flynn crawled into the shadow of the trees, he thought that the worst was over. Then he was entangled in brambles and lost all sense of direction.

Horrifying fears forced themselves into his mind. . . . He imagined that there were landmines all round him; that he was crawling into steel-jawed mantraps; that red-eyed, slavering hounds were rushing after him. . . .

Twice he collapsed, sinking into a quicksand of terror, afraid to move further. Then somehow he rallied and found the will to go on. It was emotional as much as physical exhaustion. Denied the dignity of walking upright, he felt like a hunted animal.

He was so far gone, so far withdrawn into his private nightmare, that when he finally reached the wall he did not realize it. Sobbing with pain and frustration, he tried to find a way round it.

Then, suddenly, clarity returned. He knew that he had reached the wall, and his reasons for being there. It was eleven thirty. The others would have gone—were bound to have gone. . . .

He raised cupped hands to his lips and blew through the fissure of his thumbs. He hooted once, twice, and waited rather hopelessly. Five seconds passed and then there came an answering owl-hoot away to his left.

He floundered towards the sound through underbrush that was already damp with dew. He was much nearer when the owl-hoot came again. He dragged himself on and wondered if the guards were accustomed to hearing owls in the woods. From somewhere, from some deep inner reserve, he had drawn unsuspected energy. He was going to get out safely.

When he hooted again, the reply was low-pitched, just over the wall. He fought down an impulse to cry out and waited tensely. It was up to Evans now. He heard a scraping noise on the other side of the wall and then an arm appeared, black against the sky, and he saw that the rubber mats were being laid in position.

He recalled Maggie's grim remark about a blue flash and a sizzling sound. He hoped the rubber mats would do their job.

The arm lifted in salute suddenly and then vanished below the wall. Flynn heard someone laugh nervously. The laugh, the very idea of laughter, astonished him. But for the others, he realized, this thing was still a joke. Only he had travelled into grimmer country.

A coil of rope hissed through the air, unwinding as it fell, and dropped almost beside him. He grabbed it with feverish haste. There was a tearing pain in his ankle, pain in his shoulder, pain all over him threatening to engulf him, but he was on the rope and climbing, fighting his way up with frantic desperation. He felt the top of the wall, the rubber mats, and pulled himself over with the last bit of his strength, pitching helplessly down towards the group of waiting, shadowy figures. . . .

He came to on a grass bank at the side of a road. Someone was bending over him.

"Maggie?" he said wonderingly.

"I had to come, Johnny," she said. "Knowing what you were doing. . . . I wanted to be near." There was a strange, anguished look in her eyes that went beyond words.

Maggie had once told him it was time he grew up and he thought that tonight—some time during this stupid, useless evening—perhaps he *had* grown up. At any rate, he had learned how important she was to him.

"The car's coming now," Maggie said.

"I hear it," Flynn said. And, slipping his arm round her shoulders, he wondered if there was time—before the others joined them—for a kiss that a man would call a kiss.

He found there was plenty of time. THE END

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Take Faces and Places—in colour!

Pamela Dugdale failed to win a television contest but persuaded Richard Blomfield to back the catamaran business. He and a friend watch her finish another Car-Cat

It's the latest way to go to sea—the sailing cat. You can build one at home that will break speed records

by DON EVERITT

A new look scuds past the beaches

DIEHARD Cowes yachtsmen looked scornfully over the craft on the car trailer, coming ashore from the Southampton ferry. Someone asked sarcastically: "Is it one boat or two?" Another onlooker said: "Perhaps he carries a spare hull in case of accidents."

The boat, partly dismantled on the trailer, was in fact twin-hulled, a catamaran. The orthodox yachtsmen gathered for the Cowes Week of 1955 dismissed it laughingly as a freak; but the laugh was on them.

When the owner, Ken Pearce, a company director from South Benfleet in Essex, assembled and sailed the catamaran, radar observers on a Royal Navy frigate timed it travelling at twenty-two and a half knots, roughly twenty-five miles an hour. This was seven knots faster than the fastest single-hulled dinghy, faster even than the old ocean-going tea clippers.

On the last day of the regatta, Endeavour, as Pearce calls the catamaran, outstripped all the conventional craft to win the Cowes Corinthian Yacht Club's prize for the fastest sailing boat over a measured mile.

Now, only three summers later, about eight hundred catamarans sail on Britain's inland and coastal waters. Boatbuilders capitalizing on the boom have sent almost as many plans, kits and completed catamarans abroad. Boatyards in Canada, New Zealand, South Africa and on the Continent are building British-designed catamarans under licence. No class of sailing boat has ever increased in numbers so rapidly. And none has weathered more antipathy in establishing itself.

Traditional sailors who refuse to accept that two hulls are better than one criticize the catamaran both in and out of the water. "It is . . . ungainly on its trailer," wrote one hypersensitive critic, and—to most eyes—"not nearly so pretty and lovable as the single-hulled boat. . . . It savours more of the sailing machine than the sailing boat. . . ."

The catamaran's speed has upset the conventional yachtsman. "No sailor likes being passed," says Ken Pearce, "particularly by something which he doesn't consider to be a boat."

Two seasons back Pearce entered Endeavour for the twenty-two-mile Royal Sovereign Trophy Race, round the lightship of that name off Eastbourne.

At first the race committee accepted the entry, then, having taken stock of Endeavour's performances, turned it down. The committee agreed, however, that Pearce could race against the other competitors, though not for the trophy. He came in first by a wide

The catamaran gains speed on an ordinary craft because the extra hull gives it additional stability

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

margin, and he received a special cup—"not for winning the race but for finishing first."

The catamaran's high speed has caused both the Royal Burnham and Royal Corinthian yacht clubs to decree that it shall give way to single-hulled sailing boats at all times: in other words, the cat, as it is called, obeys the same rule as motor vessels.

For a long time the Royal Yachting Association, the controlling body for sailing in this country, was uncertain what attitude to take about catamarans. Finally, it conceded last December that "catamarans have come to stay." With six hundred catamaran owners already registered, it was no rash decision.

The cult of the catamaran in this country has grown out of the experiments of a handful of Essex boat designers and builders. In 1948 two brothers, Roland and Francis Prout, whose Canvey Island boatyard specialized in kayaks and collapsible dinghies, sought ways to give more power to light sailing boats. Their first experiments with unorthodox sails failed.

For their next move the Prouts considered putting conventional sails on an unconventional hull—or hulls. Remembering the remarkable stability of South Sea Island outrigger canoes, they lashed two kayaks together with a lattice work of bamboo, rigged sails on this bamboo bridge and launched their creation in the Thames estuary. It went well enough to encourage them to build a less fragile version, which they called Shearwater I.

Ken Pearce saw Shearwater I performing, bought two hulls from the Prouts and built a modified version of their catamaran. He called it Endeavour. The success of Endeavour led to the creation by the Prouts of a Shearwater II and the current and most popular version, Shearwater III. The successive modifications have aimed at making the catamaran cheaper, lighter, faster, and narrow enough to be towed safely on the road.

WHILE the Prouts carried out experiments, another designer, Erick James Manners, worked on similar ideas a few miles down the coast at Southend. With only limited resources, Manners could not take his catamaran designs out of the drawing-board-and-model stage—until an effervescent girl named Pamela Dugdale, who attended his seamanship classes at Southend's Municipal College, started helping him.

Pamela entered for a televised be-your-own-boss competition. She reached the finals but failed to win the £3,500 prize.

Her proposal to start a business to build catamarans caught the imagination of at least one viewer, however. A one-time scriptwriter and advertising executive, Richard Massey Blomfield, offered to back Miss Dugdale and Manners. The three of them started Twin Hulls Limited, the only boatbuilding firm in Britain specializing solely in catamarans. Manners built their first catamaran in his living-room. Today the firm has premises at Southend and Thorpe Bay, Essex.

Both the Prout and the Manners catamarans met snags in the prototype stage. The Prouts at first put sailing dinghy rigging on their catamarans. In high winds three masts broke. Manners's first catamaran went so fast that one of the twin rudders snapped. Another time the centreboard (or keel) broke in half.

One morning Manners and Pamela Dugdale narrowly missed crashing at speed into Southend Pier when a shackle came away at the top of their catamaran's rigging. In the production models the makers have strengthened these weak links.

According to Roland Prout, the catamaran customers come from "all income groups and all age groups over fourteen." They have included an engine driver, clerks, knights, a racing motorist, shopkeepers, a housewife, a French Army lieutenant, a Christmas Islander, an Italian who sailed his catamaran part of the way home, and an octogenarian from Hampshire.

The term catamaran, as applied by western yachtsmen to twin-hulled vessels and outrigger canoes, is really a misnomer. The word derives from those used by the Tamils of South East India and Ceylon: *kattu* for tie and *maram* for wood.

The catamarans which the Indians and South Sea Islanders have sailed for centuries are not twin-hulled, but usually consist of three logs lashed together with rattan in rough boat form. Usually the middle log is longer than the others and lashed below them to form a keel and to provide a hollow for the cargo and the crew.

What makes a boat go faster with two hulls than with one is a complex equation in hydrodynamics, aerodynamics, lateral resistance. Roland Prout explains it simply this way:

"A racing catamaran has little or no more wetted surface than a conventional boat of the same length, but its two hulls give it much greater stability. Therefore, a catamaran can take much more power, much more weight of wind in its sails. In a single-hulled boat you could never take the same wind in the sails without capsizing."

Both the Prouts and Manners have often demonstrated the stability of their catamarans by sailing them on the Thames estuary or at Burnham in wind conditions utterly impossible for the conventional sailing boat. At Burnham, Manners took seamanship students out in his catamaran in a Force Eight gale.

"Another reason why the cat goes so much faster than the conventional sailing boat," says Roland Prout, "is that it planes much more readily." Planing is best described as the nautical equivalent of breaking the sound barrier.

A boat planes when it attains a speed faster than the wave it creates. It thus overcomes the water's wave-making resistance and skims along the surface. The Prouts' racing catamaran begins to plane at only eight knots. A sailing dinghy needs twelve.

Orthodox sailors claim that catamarans are much less manoeuvrable than single-hulled boats. To disprove this point, Erick Manners took a catamaran on the Thames between the Hungerford and Waterloo bridges. Confining himself to this short stretch of water, he flung the catamaran back and forth across the river in blustery and crowded conditions. Manners says: "The tugboat men cursed us, called us suicidal maniacs, but we dodged them—and proved our point."

Four firms currently produce six types of catamaran, ranging in length from eleven feet to eighteen and a half feet and in price from £160 to more than £400. This year the Prout brothers plan to build a thirty-six-foot, four-berth cruising catamaran, costing around £2,000.

Most of the small catamarans are available as kits: for instance, Erick Manners's eleven-foot Car-Cat, which weighs a hundredweight and fits on the roof of a car, sells as a complete kit for £84. The firms partly assemble the hulls and other difficult parts before delivery, and they claim that any amateur carpenter can put a catamaran together.

Erick Manners has reduced the plans and the instructions that go with his kits to the simplest possible terms. Pamela Dugdale, his youthful co-director, says: "I vetted everything. I don't know the first thing about woodwork, so I was a suitable guinea pig. If I couldn't understand any of the plans or instructions back they went to Erick for still further simplification. The plans for most of the parts are drawn life-size, so that you simply have to cut round them like a dress pattern."

But at first Manners did overlook one complication. It came to his attention when a family bought a catamaran kit and assembled it in an out-house. "We can't get it out," they wrote. On Manners's recommendation they took the out-house to pieces. THE END

Sir Malcolm has a huge personal following

Pin-up

by RONALD DUNCAN

A WELL-KNOWN Moscow newspaper stated recently in an article that "there are only three important British exports — the Rolls-Royce, whisky and Sir Malcolm Sargent."

Britain's most elegant conductor, Sir Malcolm Sargent earns more than Tommy Steele and is better dressed than Douglas Fairbanks, jr. His usual fee for conducting a symphony concert is three hundred guineas.

Often he will give five concerts in a single week and find time for work in the recording studios or television studios, or editing musical scores.

He was not knighted until after the war, but international music conferred its own accolade upon him when he conducted Elgar's *The Dream Of Gerontius* at the Albert Hall in 1939. Toscanini was in the audience. At the end of the performance the Italian ran and embraced Sargent.

Sir Malcolm's reputation as a musician is unchallengeable, but he looks too much the dandy diplomat for many people to take him seriously; they expect a great conductor to have an untidy mop of hair, to be absent-minded and carelessly dressed. But Sir Malcolm declines to conform to type.

Last year, when he was going to the Chelsea Arts Ball, a friend of his was tactless enough to suggest that he should go "disguised as a conductor." Sargent can afford to ignore such jibes.

He is an enigma—a personality not easily labelled. His tastes are diverse; few people who have a passion for Brahms have an equal enthusiasm for riding to hounds. Sir Malcolm

among Albert Hall audiences. At the last Prom of the season streamers and balloons festoon his rostrum

of the Proms

Sir Malcolm Sargent brings to the rostrum a wealth of talent and confidence that has won him at least two titles—

Flash Harry and The Abominable Showman

Sargent has two secretaries. Sylvia Darley looks after his many musical engagements

is the sort of person who enjoys both—though he does not ride well.

In his middle sixties, he looks no more than forty. He is a glutton for society, he works hard and plays harder, and is probably the most brilliant conversationalist in London.

Few people can tell the same story twice in one week with the vivacity that Sargent achieves. But his egoism can be irritating and many of his friends delight in playing on his vanity.

Recently, when he was on holiday, a letter from a fan was put under Sir Malcolm's bedroom door every night, urging him to meet her across the lake at an impossible hour in the morning. When vanity is the bait the fish always rises. But Sir Malcolm was just as amused as his friends when he discovered the "fan" to be none other than his hostess.

He is never boring. The source of his vitality is a mystery. He has the physical energy of an athlete and the mental agility of a Jesuit. "He gives the impression that he does Swedish exercises in the morning and is a devotee of cold baths," says one of his friends. In fact, he does neither. He breakfasts in bed, reads Bach or the *New Yorker*, then dictates to two pretty secretaries: one to look after his musical engagements, the other for his social appointments. They are both overworked.

When Sir Malcolm goes to a party, people often leave feeling that he was the only guest there. He can tell an anecdote better than Somerset Maugham, and most of them are against himself.

"I was staying with the Blanks in Devon the other day," he will tell you casually, mentioning a well-known house and its titled owner by his nickname. "I decided to have a day with the hounds. The only difficulty is that I don't own a horse.

"Several people offered to lend me a mount, but as I daren't ride a genuine hunter I eventually borrowed a moor pony from my host's daughter. I knew I could come to no serious harm if I fell off, as my feet were trailing on the ground when we rode off.

"I was enjoying my day immensely till the wretched whipper-in galloped up to me and asked me if I had forgotten my roller-skates."

His manners are impeccable, his clothes immaculate. One of his idiosyncrasies is that he is never without a buttonhole, always a red carnation by day and a white carnation by night. The flower is more than a buttonhole for him, it is a symbol, an emblem, a gesture to the world outside from the man behind the mask.

Sir Malcolm, as an artist, needs a mask more than most men. It is unwise to run naked through this world if you have a sensitive skin. And Sargent can reveal in the concert hall an emotional sensitivity wholly inconsistent with the bland and brittle man of the world for which the superficial might mistake him.

Music is his career, but he remains the sort of person who is moved by it. Many a violinist in the orchestra has looked up at him to find Sir Malcolm moved to tears by a piece that he has conducted a hundred times before. Beneath the spruce exterior is a soft centre.

He loves society, with a capital S. He is a friend of the Duchess of Kent, Prince George of Hanover and ex-King Michael of Rumania. He revels in house parties, so long as they are in great houses, and he can hardly speak five sentences together without referring to when he was last with the Marlboroughs at Blenheim, or the Harewoods at Harewood.

Recently a friend visited Sir Malcolm in his dressing-room after a concert. A tall, fair-haired man was already there. Sir Malcolm turned to present the new arrival: "The King of Sweden —I beg your pardon—Denmark."

Both his snobbery and his film-star appearance cause him to have his leg pulled, and nobody does this more mercilessly than Sir Thomas Beecham. It was he who always referred to the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra as "the Sargent's mess." And it was Sir Thomas who asked Sir Malcolm when the latter was knighted: "How does it feel to be first doctored then sired?"

Some years ago when Sargent visited Palestine to conduct a concert, his car was fired on by Arabs, and some of the bullets passed through the bodywork. Beecham's comment was: "Really! I had no idea the Arabs were such discriminating music lovers."

Nevertheless, Beecham himself appointed him conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Among musicians, Sir Malcolm is known either as the Abominable Showman, Flash or Flash

Continued on page 30

All Father wanted was a holiday

with Mother—a week without

my sister Grace, the battling

twins, terrible Timothy and me . . .

The great det

by WILLARD TEMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

It was a hot summer morning when my father kidnapped my mother, taking her off to Redsands. My father pretended that it was a holiday, and that he wasn't going to take five children with him on this holiday.

"Everyone is on hand, I see," said my father, coming into the kitchen. "We are all here—the covey, the flock, the herd, the pack, the gaggle. Is everything ready, Mary?"

Mary is my mother. She was spooning food into Timothy, who is three years old and very untidy. My mother was all dressed up and ready to leave; but I wasn't cross with my mother, because she didn't want to go to Redsands. My father was making her go.

My twin brothers, Jerry and James, were fighting over a cereal box, to see who could get it open first and have the Super Guided Missile. My sister Grace was walking across the kitchen with a book on her head, paying no attention to anyone. She won't even say good morning to us, Grace won't. I put out a foot and tripped her up.

"I saw that," my father said, when my sister screamed.

"Now, Steven," my mother said. "Don't lose your temper on our last morning. Where's Mrs. Jackson? She should be here by now."

"I rang her ten minutes ago. She said she was just getting her coat on. She sounded sober."

"I've a strong feeling that we are doing the wrong thing," my mother said. "Where is Redsands, anyway? I've never heard of Redsands."

"Don't go, Mummy," Timmy screamed.

My father put his head in his hands. "All I wanted," he said, "was a week's holiday with my wife. It's not much for a man to ask. We haven't had a holiday since we were married."

"We did try, Steve," my mother said. "You know we did."

Two years before they had arranged for a woman to come and stay with us for a fortnight. They had booked in Scotland. The car was full of cases and Mum and Dad were ready to go, when the woman arrived in a taxi. She opened the door, fell out, and said: *"Bon voyage,"* and presented my father with a half-empty bottle of gin. "It was thinking of those five children that did it," she said later.

My father spent that holiday laying concrete outside the back door.

The next year Grandma came. That summer my father was making my mother go to Cornwall with him. We waved goodbye and our parents drove off. Half an hour later we smelled smoke; the twins had set fire to the sofa.

"Heavens above," said my grandma, throwing a pail of water on to the sofa. "What next?"

What happened next was that my sister, training to be a high-wire artist, fell off the swing in the back garden and broke her arm. This was late the same afternoon. We took Grace to the hospital and came back and had supper and were going out again when the telephone rang.

I answered. It was my father in Cornwall. "Is that you, Mark?" he said. "How are things?"

"Everything's fine, Dad," I said. "Jim and Jerry set fire to the house."

"What?" my father shouted.

"Grandma put it out," I said. "You should have seen her throw that pail of water. Whoosh!"

"Listen carefully," said my father, speaking very slowly. "Are you quite sure everything is all right now?"

I could hear Grandma sounding the car horn in the drive outside. "Everything's fine," I said. "But I can't stop now. We must go to the hospital to see how Grace is."

I hung up the phone. According to my father's story, two minutes later Mum and he were out of the hotel with their bags packed and heading for home at seventy miles an hour. They drove all through the night and arrived at six in the morning, exhausted. Grandma went to Folkestone to rest, and Dad spent that holiday building a summer house.

"Well, that settles it," said my mother. "We

ective

can't get away. Not without the children, that is. When we are old and grey, then you can take me away on holiday."

"I want to take you on holiday when you are young and pink," said my father.

"Thank you," said my mother. "But it is just not possible."

So this summer my father decided to paint the house. "Next year," he said, "we'll take the children camping, but this year I'll just paint. What a holiday!"

The more he thought about it, the angrier he got. "Everybody at the office is talking about the sea, or touring, or going abroad," he said. "And all I'm going to get will be a high dive off the ladder into a tin of paint."

"You wanted a big family," said my mother. "Whose idea was it to have five children?"

"I love each and every little horror," said my father. "But I love you, too."

He didn't say any more, but he was making secret plans, and a fortnight later he sprang the news about Mrs. Jackson.

"She's had six children of her own," he told my mother. "A wonderful woman. She's not like your mother, panicking at every crisis. And anyway, they're older now. With Mrs. Jackson here, we could risk it."

"I'm sorry, Steven," my mother said. "But I still get nightmares about that drive home from Cornwall. I wouldn't have a moment's peace away from home."

So my father brought home the paint; and sometimes, in the evening, he used to stand out in the garage, looking at it, and mumbling to himself. . . .

Then one evening he came in and threw his paper on the table and lifted my mother right off the floor. "News," he said. "I've booked at an hotel for the two of us. For a week. I have engaged Mrs. Jackson."

"Let me down," said my mother, "I won't go."

"This is an order," said my father grimly. "When the time comes, you will either get into

the car quietly or I will pack you like a suitcase. Take your choice."

My mother burst into tears at my father's hardness, but he broke her spirit. After two days of not speaking to him, she said all right, she'd go. She didn't want to, but he was making her—that hard man, my father.

"Where must I go to?" my mother sobbed brokenly.

"Well," said my father. "Shall we say Redsands?"

"I've never heard of it," said my mother. "Is it in Wales? I'm not going all the way to Wales."

"It isn't in Wales," my father said; and he went out into the garage to stare at the paint.

Nobody could talk my father out of it. Now they were ready to go, and suddenly there was a knock at the door and the terrible Mrs. Jackson walked into our kitchen.

"Good morning," she said, taking the spoon out of my mother's hand. "My dear, you look as lovely as a bride. Kiss the children goodbye, then, and off you go for a wonderful time. . . . Open your mouth, sonny."

"That's Timothy," said my father. "The demolition gang on the floor are the twins, Jim and Jerry. Keep your eyes on them. The creature with the book on her head is Grace. She's going to be a film star. The boy with the cap on backwards is Mark. He is studying to be a detective; notice the handcuffs on his belt."

"I do like talented children," Mrs. Jackson said. "You two run along now."

My mother took off her apron and hugged and kissed us and tried not to cry, and two minutes later the car was going down the road, with my mother looking back forlornly at the house.

"They're going to Redsands," I said.

"Oh, that's a lovely spot," said Mrs. Jackson, spooning cereal into Timothy. "Do you like chocolate cake? See if you can find some eggs in the fridge." She took the cereal box away from the twins. "There's a kite in my bag," she said. "It'll fly higher than any missile."

Grace, with her book, was walking out of the kitchen. "My eldest boy's a make-up man at a film studio," Mrs. Jackson said.

The book fell off Grace's head and she didn't notice. "Oh, Mrs. Jackson," she said, all trembly.

I went next door and called for Alan Townsend. I tried to put the handcuffs on him and he got wild.

"I don't like that game," he said. "And my mum says you must stop taking my fingerprints. She doesn't like me coming home with my fingers all black. I saw your parents go. That place they're going to. . . ."

"Redsands."

"Whatever it is, it isn't in England. I asked Dad. He says there's no such place."

"I bet my dad knows what he's doing."

"I thought you hated your dad."

"Of course I hate him. He's deserted his family. He's kidnapped my mother, and left us with old Ma Jackson. You bet I hate him. But that doesn't mean he doesn't know what he's doing. There's a big map of Britain in the bookcase. Let's go and see where Redsands is."

We went over the map from Land's End to John o' Groats, but we couldn't find Redsands.

"Well, I know where your father's gone," Alan Townsend said. "But I don't think I should tell you. He's deserted his five children and kidnapped his wife. It all adds up. Your father's gone to Russia. Behind the Iron Curtain. You'll never see him or your mum again."

"You're daft," I said. But was he? "Why Russia?" I said.

"He probably had some secret plans hidden in those cases."

"My dad's not a scientist," I said. "He's a traveller. He calls on bakers' shops. Do you think he's gone off to Russia with a new kind of oven? You're daft."

"Well, perhaps he's just walked out on you," Alan Townsend said. "I heard him talking over the fence to my dad the other night. I heard him say that big families are wonderful, but that sometimes all those kids sent him up the pole. He's just walked out, probably. If you're such a good detective, why don't you find out where he is? I bet you couldn't."

I bet I could, and we had a bit of a fight. Then Alan went home and I went downstairs. Mrs. Jackson was with the twins.

"Little angels, that's what they are," she said when she saw me. "And the things people have said about them! And now, what do you want, Sherlock Holmes? No crime wave in Park View Road this morning? It's an hour yet to dinner. Off with you into the garden."

All I knew about my father was that he had driven away down Park View Road. Then I remembered that, when he took the car out of the garage, he had said the tank was nearly dry. I got my bike out and pedalled down to Dad's petrol station on the by-pass.

When the man had finished with a car I said: "Do you know Mr. Steven Jones? Lives at fifty-three Park View Road; about six feet tall, blue eyes, brown hair, scar behind his left ear, last seen wearing a fawn sports coat. . . ."

"I filled up his tank earlier on," the man said. Then he stopped what he was doing and looked at me. "That's a good description, sonny." He glanced at my handcuffs. "What are you, a private detective?"

"Which way did he go, north or south?"

"Neither. He went down into the town," the man said. "Now that I think of it, his wife looked upset. She's usually so cheerful. What's wrong?"

"Just a routine inquiry," I said. "Thanks a lot."

I biked down into town and went to the bank and struck lucky with the first cashier I spoke to.

"Mr. Jones?" he said. "He came in as soon as we opened this morning. He said he was on holiday."

"Did he say where he was going? It's important."

The cashier scratched his head. "Yes. He said that he was going to the last place that anyone would expect him to visit. And he had a funny kind of grin on his face as he said it."

Russia! I just stood there until the cashier said: "You're holding everyone up, sonny. Is there anything wrong?"

I shook my head and walked outside. I didn't know where to go and I was pushing my bike along High Street when Mrs. Robertson stopped me. She was outside her bookshop, pulling down the sunblind.

"Oh, Mark," she said. "Your father looked in a little while ago to pick up a book he ordered, but it hadn't come in. It's just arrived. He ordered it a week ago."

I went inside and Mrs. Robertson handed me a book. The title was *The Secret Behind The Curtain*.

"He seemed so disappointed that it wasn't in," she said. "Perhaps you could take it to him."

"I'll take it," I said. "But it won't do any good."

"Why, what do you mean?" she said. "Is something wrong?"

"It's just a routine investigation," I said. I didn't know where else to go, so I biked off home again.

I went into the living-room. I sat there thinking that really I liked my father. Even if he was unkind to us and to my mother, he was still my father, and in lots of ways he was quite a decent chap.

Suddenly I had an idea. If my father were vanishing behind the Iron Curtain, he would have to have a contact. Perhaps there was a clue in his bedroom. I remembered that, when my father changed his clothes, he emptied his pockets into the top drawer of the dressing-table.

I opened the drawer, but there was nothing there except cuff links and some bills. They were from H. Dobson and Sons, plumbers; the Tally Ho restaurant; the Smokers' Shoppe; the Hunters' Arms, and Hartington's off-licence. I was studying them when Mrs. Jackson called me to dinner.

"Your mother said that you must all have a rest after dinner," Mrs. Jackson said when we'd finished. The twins were heading for the back door, but she shouted: "Halt!" and they halted. She said: "About turn! Quick march!" and they turned and went up to their bedroom.

"Devils, I heard they were," Mrs. Jackson said. "But really they're little angels. They haven't left my side all the morning."

Grace went to her room with a book on her head, and I was in with Timothy. I took off my handcuffs and lay down on the bed till Timothy was asleep.

At last I got up, slipped downstairs and peered round the living-room door. Mrs. Jackson was asleep with her mouth open. I went quietly out of the back door to my bike, and twenty minutes later I was talking to old Mr. Dobson at the plumbers.

"I'm looking for Mr. Jones," I said. "I'm his son."

"Steve Jones?" Mr. Dobson said. "You must be the kiddy he was telling me about. He says you live in the bathroom, and you're driving him up the wall."

"That's my sister," I said.

"Well, anyway," Mr. Dobson said. "Did you father decide to have that extra washbasin put in? Is that what you've come to tell me?"

I couldn't get anything out of him. He wouldn't talk about anything except the washbasin. I left and went to the Tally Ho restaurant, but it was closed. The man in the Smokers' Shoppe thought I was trying to buy cigarettes and told me to beat it.

It was nearly four when I reached the Hunters' Arms, the smart new riverside hotel just outside our town. The moment I got off my bike, I saw our car. It was parked near the main door.

My heart started thumping as I walked into the office. "I've a message for Mr. Steven Jones," I said.

The receptionist shook her head. "No Mr. Jones," she said. "I'm afraid we've nobody of that name staying in this hotel."

I should have expected it. Naturally my father would not be so stupid as to book in under his own name. Already he had changed his identity. Probably

Note From The Head

Sidney is a nice, bright boy and we are glad to have him with us; but he is giving us a little anxiety and I should be grateful for your co-operation. He is very talkative and when he finds the other children listening to him in the playground he cannot always resist the temptation to give a picture of his home which, I feel sure, you would not like to have spread about the neighbourhood.

Today he was heard describing his Aunt Judy and saying that you kept her in a cellar and starved her. He also said that when she would not work hard enough you made the dog bite her. He has boasted that all his great-grandfathers were hanged. He has even said that his mother is a witch and sticks pins in wax models of the mayor.

I have tried to turn his thoughts in a healthier direction by asking him to tell me about some of the good deeds his parents have done, but this produced a most unfortunate description of a burglary which, he insisted, both his parents carried out jointly.

Could you call and talk it over? I should like to meet you.

R. G. G. PRICE

Reasonable Facsimile

Touch up the proofs, photographer,
  Take off that extra chin,
Remove those moles, fill in the holes,
  And smooth my wrinkled skin.
Erase those bags beneath my eyes
  (I'll pay an extra fee),
And add some hair—I do not care
  To look so much like me!

RICHARD ARMOUR

Other People's Letters

I fully realise that, if eventually things go wrong and the aggression takes place, there will be many, including Winston, who will say that the British Government must bear the responsibility, and that if only they had the courage to tell Hitler now that, if he used force, we should at once declare war, that would have stopped him.

By that time it will be impossible to prove the contrary, but I am satisfied that we should be wrong to allow the most vital decision that any country can take, the decision as to peace or war, to pass out of our hands into those of the ruler of another country, and a lunatic at that.

Who wrote this letter? See foot of last column.

Foreign Affairs

Police set up road blocks at Nice to keep a road section clear for a film unit. They caught a thief who bolted from his car. He thought the block was for him.

Jeannette Jardine, eighteen-year-old typist of Redfern, Sydney, complained of severe headaches and had an X-ray. It revealed a half-inch metal screw inside her nose. Doctors think it has been there since she was a baby.

Sicilian Andrea di Carlo bit a lump out of his Belgian girl friend's cheek during a quarrel. He told the Liége court which jailed him for fourteen months, "In Sicily it is a mark of affection."

Everybody Must Help

You ought to do something to help at the fête, John.

Oh, no. No more tilting the bucket for me.

It's only once a year.

Buckets of water I don't mind. Last year there was flour and soot as well. I had black pudding in my ears for a week.

You know you enjoy yourself when the time comes.

It's a fête worse than death.

You make that joke every year. Anyway, there are other things beside tilting the bucket.

Like what?

There's going to be one of those throw-a-ball affairs where you tip the lady out of bed.

Who's the lady going to be?

We thought you might be the lady. You could borrow——

Not on your life. Anyway, who's "we"?

Mrs. Briggs and I.

What's wrong with Briggs being the lady?

Mr. Briggs is looking after a bran tub.

A bran tub! I might have guessed it. There's originality for you! What enterprise! What——

Or you could ask people to guess the weight of a pig.

H'm. That sounds cushy. What's the catch?"

Mr. Carter says he'll lend a pig if somebody will see it home afterwards.

I've never seen a pig home. What are *you* going to do?

I shall be madly busy selling raffle tickets.

At that rate you'll need an assistant.

No, that would be a waste of manpower. By the way, Mr. Williams wants to know if you have any old clothes for an early Victorian cricket match.

He knows jolly well I have. He sees me going up to town every morning, doesn't he?

Yes, dear. Very funny, dear.

Anyway, what's the object of the fête this time?

You know perfectly well. It's to raise money so that we can hold a bazaar.

E. S. TURNER

Shopping

All this transparency, all this glass,
Things have come to a pretty pass!
Yesterday's shops were cosy affairs
With mahogany counters and bentwood chairs;
Now you never know where you are,
Buying and selling are all on a par,
And who is buying and who is selling
Short of asking there's just no telling;
And you pick your way around crystal isles
Looking for pay-desks, traipsing miles—
Oh for the days of parallel shops
When you knew the assistants by their tops,
When your money went pinging along the track
And you sat on a chair till the change came back!

M. EVANS

The letter in column two was written by Neville Chamberlain to a relative on September 11, 1938, four days before he flew to see Hitler.

"Tourists can increase their enjoyment of native ways by stopping at wayside inns and meeting the locals"

he was waiting for a plane to land after dark.

"It must be the wrong place," I said. "I'm sorry."

I went outside and wheeled my bike along the side of the hotel. In front of me I could see the river, and a long single-storey building with the sign, "Annexe."

I dropped my bike on the grass by the riverside and then sneaked along one side of the annexe. There were curtains at the windows, but not all of them were pulled tight. A lady getting dressed saw me and screamed, and I ran round to the other side of the annexe and started looking in the windows there.

Suddenly I saw my father. He was sitting in an armchair with a glass of beer and his shoes off, and he was reading a magazine. My mother was nowhere in sight. Then she came in through the door wearing her swimming wrap.

She put her hands on her hips and stared at my father, and I heard her say: "Redsands! What a fraud!"

My father grinned. . . .

"There he is," somebody screamed, and the lady I'd scared and a big man in a blue suit came running across the grass towards me. I was off like a flash round the side of the annexe and into the woods behind it. They hadn't a chance of catching me.

I hid for perhaps ten minutes, wondering what to do. I thought that if I went home and got Mrs. Jackson and the others and we all came down to the hotel, then perhaps my father would have a last-minute change of heart.

Then I realized what a silly thing I had done, leaving my bike out in the open near the river. I sneaked from tree to tree, and when I got closer I lay on the ground and wriggled towards the riverside lawn.

THERE were people sitting around on deck chairs, and then I saw my father and mother come out. They were walking towards the river when my mother stopped.

"That looks like Mark's bicycle," my mother said.

"It couldn't be Mark's bike," Dad said. "There must be a million bikes just like his. Not a soul in the world knows we're here. Not our children, not our friends, not even Mrs. Jackson. We're booked in under an assumed name, and Scotland Yard, and the Sûreté and the F.B.I. combined couldn't find us."

"All the same," my mother said, "I wish I knew whose bicycle that is."

I lay flat in the grass. My mother dived into the river, swam round, then came up the steps and went off with some lady. Dad went up on to a diving board. He did a jackknife and when he hit the water I raced across the lawn and grabbed my bike.

I was pedalling away like mad when some old dog came out from nowhere. I swerved, the bike skidded, and I went over and the bike landed on top of me. When I turned my head, there was my father in the water, staring at me.

I waited for a bit. Then he shook his head and climbed out of the river. "Come here, Mark," he called.

I walked across the grass and my father flopped into a deck chair with his head in his hands.

"What's happened?" he said. "Have the twins set fire to Mrs. Jackson?"

"Father," I said. "Please take us with you to Redsands. I've brought your book."

"The whodunit I ordered? I'll never have time to read it. I'll go home and paint the house. I was hoping for one week, just seven days—but I suppose it was too much. . . ."

"Were you coming back, then? You haven't kidnapped Mum? You were coming back to live in Park View Road?"

My father stared at me, then put his hands on my shoulders and pushed me into a chair.

"Mark," he said. "I should have taken you into my confidence. One day, my boy, when you grow up and get married, you'll want to spend a little time now and then with your wife. You'll have children and you'll love them, but once in a while you'll want to be alone with her, just the two of you."

"Of course," I said. "But Redsands? Isn't that in Russia?"

"I made the name up," Dad said. "I knew your mother was afraid to go away, so I thought of this place. There's the river, and the food's good. But whoever heard of a man taking a holiday in his own town? It sounds absurd; your mother would have said it was ridiculous. So I didn't tell her where we were going. I booked us in as Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson, so that none of our friends would hear that

MEN!

Do you pass the two-lip test?

See page 28

RR484-2417-C

we were here. There's going to be a dance. We can phone home for fourpence, and if any crisis breaks we can be home in ten minutes. How the blazes did you find us?"

"I suppose I'm a pretty good detective," I said.

"Pretty good," Dad said gloomily. "Well, the game's up."

"Where's Mum?" I said.

"Oh, she's made friends with a woman from Derby," my father said. "Your mother grew up there, you know. Come on, I'll tell her the holiday's over. It was wonderful while it lasted." He sighed and put out his hands. "I'll come quietly," he said. "Put on the handcuffs."

"I've left them at home," I said. "And what do I need them for anyway?" I remembered a film I'd seen and I stood up and shook hands with my father. "I'm sorry, sir," I said. "I've made a mistake. I thought you were someone I knew, but I've never seen you before in my life. Have a good holiday."

I went over to my bike and rode home. Timothy was still asleep. I went into the living-room, and Mrs. Jackson was sitting on the floor by the piano with her hands behind her. She was very red in the face.

"Mark," said Mrs. Jackson. "Do you know where your parents have gone to?"

"Of course," I said. "They've gone to Redsands."

"Well, ring them up and tell them to start for home," Mrs. Jackson said. "And when you've done that, ring for a locksmith."

"Why do you want a locksmith, Mrs. Jackson?" I said.

"Why do you think?" Mrs. Jackson said. "Because those wretched twins have handcuffed me to this piano."

I went and looked and sure enough they had.

"What did they do with the key, Mrs. Jackson?" I said.

"If I know those little devils, one of them has swallowed it," Mrs. Jackson said. "Don't stand there talking, Mark. Get to the phone."

"Just a minute, Mrs. Jackson," I said.

I went out into the garden. The twins were in the summer house and so was Grace. "I'm going to tell Mummy and Daddy as soon as they get home," she was saying. "I'm going to tell——"

"That's not the way, Grace," I said. I held out my hand. "Give me the key," I said. "I don't want any trouble. Just give me the key and I might let you use my fingerprint outfit."

The twins looked at each other and Jerry's hand went into his pocket. He gave me the key and we went into the house. Timothy was sitting on the floor talking to Mrs. Jackson.

"Here's the key," I said.

"Set me loose," Mrs. Jackson said. "Then I'm off."

"Don't go," Timothy said. He threw himself in her lap. Grace began to cry.

I unlocked the handcuffs and Mrs. Jackson said: "Now, now, I can't have that. I'll stay then, but let's have no more shenanigans. You're going to be angels from now on."

The phone rang, and I answered it. It was my mother.

"Oh, this is a lovely place," she said, and she described their room, and the swimming and the restaurant, and the lady from Derby.

Then Grace spoke to her. Then the twins. And last of all, Timothy.

"Gracious me," said Mrs. Jackson. "That phone call is going to cost a fortune—all the way from Redsands."

I just sat and smiled at Mrs. Jackson. After all, a great detective knows when to be inscrutable. THE END

© Willard Temple, 1958

Lonely island fit for a queen

. Continued from page 6

of them have left the island. Others have been pensioned.

One of the sufferers—though it is doubtful whether he would accept the description—is a fair-bearded, gentle giant of a man, Tom Gibbons, who lives with his wife Kathleen and three daughters, Sally, Sarah and Susan, in a stone-built cottage, standing on a slope above Old Grimsby.

It might be thought that to be without a job on a two-by-one island, with no more than five other potential employers, and they needing only part-time workers, would be a disaster. Yet it has not been so for Tom Gibbons. He has found his own solution, partly through seasonal farm work, partly through taking out visitors in his motor-boat, partly through Kathleen letting a spare room, and partly through a scheme of his own, which puts him tactfully into the tourist trade, alongside his former employer.

The visible evidence of his enterprise is a couple of hand-written notices, one in the window of the New Inn in New Grimsby and the other displayed in the shop in Old Grimsby, and reading:

HAVE YOU VISITED PIPER'S HOLE?

Tom Gibbons will be there from 11 to 4 o'c to take you over the underground lake by boat.

Piper's Hole is a freak cave, thirty feet high on the rocky north-east corner of the island, and to get the boat into the hole Tom had to haul it by tractor over a mile of field and moor, then, with the help of three neighbours, manhandle it across the boulders of the entrance passage, eighty-four feet long.

The "lake" is twenty or twenty-five yards from end to end, according to the height of water, and at its widest is about fifteen feet across, but with candles glimmering from the walls and the farther beach, it all looks very effective, especially when visitors find that they can squeeze another twenty yards or so through a waist-wide crack at the farther end. The legend is that it is inhabited by a ghostly piper, though whether he is supposed to live in the hole and go out to sea, or live in the sea and come into the hole, nobody seems to know. For his purpose Tom Gibbons does not need to know.

The Gibbons are used to the hazards of life on a small island. Kathleen Gibbons's experience of life has included climbing into a motor-boat to go to St. Mary's for the birth of her baby, only to have the engine stop. "I climbed into another," she recalls, "and got to the hospital with twenty minutes to spare. It might have been worse."

NONE of this might have come about, and the island which now awaits a Royal visit might have been only a desolate rock, if one of Dorrien-Smith's ancestors—Algernon Smith, of Berkhamsted—had not taken over the island more than a hundred years ago. When he bought a lease of all the Scillies from the Duchy of Cornwall in 1834, paying £20,000 and £40 a year, Tresco was as bare as the rest. Most of its inhabitants were starving. They had done well in the past, bartering fowls, fish, eggs and milk to passing ships in exchange for contraband, but the tightening of the Customs net had reduced them to burning seaweed for kelp—a stinking trade which produces iodine.

Having got himself appointed Governor of the Scillies, Algernon Smith set himself to putting them to rights. He spent £80,000 to do it. "He seems to have been a bit of a despot," says the Commander. "He pulled people up by the roots, closed the unprofitable holdings, apprenticed the boys to sea and sent the girls away as servants, built schools and made the children attend them, all without reference to the laws of England. But the test is that it worked."

The empire of the Smiths (Dorrien is an extra name added by marriage) has now shrunk to the single island of Tresco, held from the Duchy of Cornwall on a ninety-nine year lease. It has also been democratized, although the Commander still bears the title of Lord Proprietor.

And his Abbey is the only "large" house on the island. He is the biggest employer, but he is also very conscious of his stake in the tourist business. "Up to my father's day," he says, "we didn't really encourage visitors. But all that is changed now. I've converted two parts of the Abbey into furnished holiday flats, but it is hard to fill them. Of course, we only want congenial people. People who will love Tresco."

When the Commander goes to the meetings of the Council of the Isles of Scilly at Hugh Town in the main island, St. Mary's, he travels in his own launch, the Sol d'Or, steered by his own boatman, Ivor Hicks and Tom Williams, who are also members of the council, go in another boat. This is a matter of convenience and not of class distinction.

Unlike his father, from whom he inherited the island and who was the last Governor of the Scillies, and the first and only permanent chairman of the council, which took over his rule, Tom Dorrien-Smith is an ordinary elected councillor, without special privileges. "At least," he adds, "I'm supposed to be elected. Although, now that I come to think of it, we have not had an election for some considerable time." THE END

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1958

I had a sudden sense of disaster. And only one plane was up today . . . Brenda's

The Rainbow and the Rose

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

As I opened the window Brenda turned over sleepily and sat up. "Did you have an awful night?" she asked. I told her: "Not too bad. This is the last act, now"

I HAD gone to bed dog-tired. I had taken a sleeping tablet. But this was no ordinary bad dream. In Johnnie Pascoe's little house at Buxton in Tasmania, in his own bed, I was dreaming that I was Johnnie Pascoe himself, the ex-R.F.C. pilot who taught Brenda Marshall to fly, nearly thirty years ago. . . .

My name is Clarke. I'm an airline pilot on the Sydney-Melbourne run. I knew Brenda Marshall in those far-off days—at the flying club at Duffington in the English Midlands. Pascoe was my instructor, too. And now I was here to save him if I could—to fly a doctor to him where he lay with a fractured skull away down the wild coast. Already I had tried twice—and failed. Tomorrow, if the weather cleared, I would try again.

I had sometimes wondered since about Johnnie Pascoe, whether he was the father of Brenda Marshall's child—the child she said was her sister's. Back in 1931 Brenda's husband, Derek Marshall, was in The Haven, certified insane She lived with her mother, Mrs. Duclos, and it was Mrs. Duclos who took the child away when Brenda died. The baby died too, soon after, so somebody told me.

That's all I knew of him and Brenda, till this night. Now, as Pascoe, I was dreaming of Brenda Marshall. Of how, unbidden, the love between us grew. Of that rainy night when I took the Alvis to fetch her when the weather grounded her Moth. We stopped for hot rum and a meal at a village pub. Afterwards I kissed her for the first time, and she kissed me in return.

For a moment she stood there in my arms. Then, quietly, she said: "This is very bad."

PART FOUR

The Problem Of Derek

GENTLY she released herself from my arms. "Too many rum toddies," I said thickly. "I'm sorry."

"Too many rum toddies," she repeated. "I'm not." And then she said: "We'll have to think about this, Johnnie."

"Yes," I said. "We'll have to think about it."

We found the car. "Which of us is going to drive?" I asked. "We're both about as bad as each other."

She said seriously: "Yes, we're both about as bad as each other." Then she laughed a little, and said: "You drive and let me think."

When we were about ten miles from Duffington, she spoke for the first time. "Let's park a minute by the side, Johnnie," she said.

I drew up off the road a little under some trees and turned off the headlights; the rain dripping off the branches made little patterings upon the roof. She said, "I want to talk."

She sounded so unhappy that I reached out and took her hand, and she let me have it.

"Don't worry," I said gently. "This was bound to happen one way or another."

She turned to me. "I know. If things were

When Brenda's husband agreed to a divorce things looked rosy for us. But

different, this would be the sweetest day of my life. But I'm a married woman and you're a married man."

I sat stroking her hand. "I want to tell you something," I said. "Since we met I've been to a solicitor. I can divorce my wife, he tells me, and we're putting in a petition."

"Divorce Judy?" she said.

I nodded. "She's been living with another chap for the last eight years, as his wife. In Hollywood. She got some kind of American divorce. It's going to be pretty expensive and it's going to take a long time. But I can do it, and I will. There's half our tangle untied."

She sat silent for a minute. Then she said: "What would you do if I untied the other half?"

I turned to her. "I should want you to marry me."

She nodded slowly. "Now that you've said it, I don't want you to say it again, Johnnie. Not ever. Suppose I were to get divorced from Derek, and I don't think I could, it would still be years and years before you could say that to me. And people change. We've been thrown together a good deal in the last few months, and you've been terribly kind to me." I pressed her hand. "I've been very silly and rather cruel in return," she said. "If I wasn't prepared to go on with you, I ought not to have let things come to this. I want you to try and forgive me."

"There's nothing to forgive," I said. "I wouldn't have missed a minute."

She said, "Nor would I."

We sat again in silence, and presently I said: "If you'd rather that we didn't see so much of each other for a bit, we could try that. I could get another job now, fairly easily. Imperial Airways want pilots."

"You mean, you'd go away?" she said dully.

"If I don't," I said, "this'll probably happen again."

"I know," she replied.

Presently she said: "I'm tired, Johnnie—too tired to think properly. But when all's said and done, there's only one person that really matters in this thing."

I turned to her. "Who's that?"

"Derek," she replied. "He's ill, and he's my husband. He's the one we've got to think about."

She was quite right, of course, but I couldn't find anything to say.

At last she said: "Take me home, Johnnie. I'll make up my mind and I'll do something in the next day or two. And then I'll tell you."

THE next day was a fine one; she went down by train to Peterborough after her visit to The Haven to fetch her Moth. She flew in in the late afternoon, but nothing passed between us; she did not want to talk and till she did I would not try and force her.

Several days passed. Then one Sunday she suggested we should meet at Huddlestone, a village about thirty miles away. "It's difficult here," she said, "with people talking."

We arranged to meet in the village square at noon on my day off. It was a bright day and Huddlestone Woods were marvellous, carpeted in bluebells, and the air like wine. We walked until we found a fallen tree to sit on for our picnic lunch.

Presently she said: "I had a talk to Doctor Baddeley last week."

Baddeley was the doctor in charge at The Haven.

"What about?"

"Derek," she said, "and us. I didn't say you. I just told him there was someone else."

She had been quite frank with her husband's doctor. She had told him that whatever she decided to do would be dictated by her husband's interest; that if he felt that a dissolution of the marriage would give him a great setback, then the marriage would go on. They had, however, talked of this once or twice when Derek had been completely in possession of his senses, and he had said that the marriage ought to be dissolved. It would never be safe for them to have a family, and while she was a young woman she should be free to marry again if she wanted to. What did Dr. Baddeley think?

The doctor told her that her husband talked of this to him and had expressed the same views. The subject was evidently worrying him. The doctor thought that, on the whole, it would ease his patient's mind if the marriage could be brought to an end.

"What prospect is there that Derek will get well?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Very little."

I nodded. "What's the next thing?"

"I want to have a talk to Derek," she said. "Would you mind if I tell him who you are?"

"Not a bit," I said.

We had our lunch sitting together on the log. When we were ready to go she stood up, slender in the afternoon sun against the bluebells, and she said: "There's just one thing, Johnnie."

"What's that?" I asked.

"If this goes on," she said, "and Derek agrees to divorce me, I shall have to give him grounds for divorce."

I smiled. "Would that be very terrible?"

"No," she said. "But it's a bit smutty, and I wouldn't have wanted to start off on anything in that way."

"It can be play-acting," I told her.

"Play-acting?"

I nodded. "There are hotels in London that cater for this sort of thing. We can book a room and register as man and wife. We go up there at bedtime, making sure the porter notices us, and play cards all night in front of the gas fire."

Her eyes danced. "Dominoes," she laughed. "I love dominoes."

"All right, dominoes. Then at seven o'clock in the morning we tumble the bedclothes a bit and undress and get into bed, and ring for morning tea. Make sure the maid notices us and give her a good big tip. She goes to court and gives evidence, and you get your divorce without any strings on it."

She came into my arms and we kissed, standing in the sunlight on the carpet of the bluebells.

• • •

Next week she told Derek the whole thing. He took it very well and said that he was sure that a divorce was the right course. He could not go himself to brief a solicitor and he asked her to see his solicitor in Leacaster and ask him to come and see him, and get the whole thing going.

It was up to us then to provide the evidence. I scouted round and got the name of an hotel in Bloomsbury that seemed to do a good bit of that sort of thing, and telegraphed to book a double room. I got a couple of days' leave from the club and went down to London, and met her at St. Pancras.

We took a taxi to the hotel and registered as Mr. and Mrs. Pascoe. Then we lunched in the hotel dining-room, went to Kew in the afternoon, and a theatre for the evening. When we went back to the hotel we were very happy together.

In the bedroom we settled down to dominoes. By two in the morning we were both dropping asleep.

"Go to bed," I said. "The bed ought to be slept in, anyway."

She went to sleep at once. I sat on dozing intermittently in the chair till dawn came grey over the London roofs, and people started stirring in the corridors. I got up stiffly and turned out the fire, and opened the window to let fresh air into the room.

She woke as I was doing that, and turned over sleepily and sat up in bed. "Did you have an awful night?" she asked.

"Not too bad," I told her. "This is the last act, now."

I put on my pyjamas and got into bed with her. We sat there together for half an hour, till we heard the rattle of teacups in the passage. I pressed the bell.

A maid about forty years old came in, a woman with a slightly humorous expression. I ordered tea, and then I winked at her, as I had been told to do. She smiled. When she brought the tea she took a good look at us in bed.

As the door shut behind her, Brenda asked, "Is that all, Johnnie?"

"That's all," I said. "I'll go out in a minute and get her name."

"It seems too easy."

In the corridor on my way to the bath I found the chambermaid hanging around. "Thank you for looking after us so well," I said. "Here's something to remember us by." I put two £5 notes into her hand.

She smiled and said: "Thank you, sir. My name's Doris Swanson. If you should want to get in touch with me at any time, I live at fifty-six Kitchener Street, North Harrow."

"I'll remember that. . . ."

APRIL came to an end, with Brenda coming out to fly her Moth practically every day. We started on a mass of legal work. Derek's solicitor got in touch with Doris Swanson and she came to Leacaster one Sunday to identify Brenda. Derek signed the divorce papers, and the case went down for hearing in the autumn.

Then the trip to the rally at La Baule with the Aero Club de Paris came up. I suggested that I should fly with Brenda in the front seat of her machine and lead the club flight. In that way we could look after her.

We started off from Duffington on the Friday morning. I briefed my four pilots with the course and appointed Knox-Turner, who had been on Bristol fighters in the war, as deputy flight commander to me.

We crossed from Lympne to Cap Gris-Nez, turned when we were over land and flew on down the coast. When we had passed Le Havre and I was starting to think about Dinard and our landing, Knox-Turner in one of the club Moths suddenly started to lose height. He throttled back and started in for a forced landing.

I signalled to the other two machines to keep on circling around, and spoke to Brenda down the voice pipe. She throttled back and went down after Knox-Turner, keeping well out of his way. He picked a good big field and put down into it and made what seemed to be quite a smooth landing. I pin-pointed the position on my map. It was near a place called Unverre.

I signalled to the other two machines when we got up to them to fly on, and I led them on to Dinard. We landed there and taxied in to clear the Customs, and I told the *Douane* officers about the machine that had force-landed near Unverre, which would make a complication. They were very nice about it; I hired a car to take one of them to Unverre.

Brenda offered to fly me back to Unverre. When we arrived they had got the cowling off the engine and had diagnosed the trouble, a valve seating, as I had suspected. The weather was fine and we had everything we needed for the job, and so I got to work. Presently the officer of the *Douane* from Dinard arrived, and we had to take time off for him.

It was about four hours before we got it all together again, and the sun was setting. We were very tired by that time, and we had had nothing to eat since lunch. Knox-Turner had gone into the village and had ordered a meal for us at the one inn. He had discovered that it had only one bedroom, with two double beds in it. That seemed a bit matey for us all, so he had got the landlord to ring up the next village, a place called Coudray three miles away, which had a much bigger hotel with three bedrooms. He had booked two of these rooms for Brenda and myself.

We had a very good meal. Then Brenda and I took our bags and went off to the hotel at Coudray.

When we got there it became apparent that there had been some confusion. There was only one bedroom vacant, though it had two double beds in it.

I said: "We can go into Bayeux."

She said: "It's so late, Johnnie. We might not get in there. Don't you think we'd better take this?" She smiled. "After all, it's not as if we'd never done it before."

"If we keep on doing this," I remarked, "something's going to happen, one of these days."

She came into my arms. "We'll be free people before long, and after all, we're getting our divorce for this. Does it really matter if it does?"

• • •

It was the evening of our return from the La Baule rally that I heard the bad news about Dr. Baddeley. He had died, suddenly, while we had been away. Brenda came to the aerodrome next day, and we walked together towards the north-east windsock. "It's terrible," she said, and all the brightness of the last few months seemed to have gone out of her. "Poor Doctor Baddeley. . . ."

I asked her: "Do you think it will make any difference to us?"

She asked in turn: "Have you met his assistant—Doctor Somers?"

"No."

"He's so terribly *righteous*," she muttered. "I'm pretty sure he doesn't approve of this divorce."

We were a long way from the hangar now. I stopped and took her hand. "There's nothing to worry over," I said. "It's all in train now."

"I know," she said. "But when I went there to see Derek this morning, it was—difficult." She paused. "He'd taken everything so well before. . . ."

In the next few weeks her visits to The Haven were never easy for her. I gathered that Derek had turned sullen and uncommunicative with her.

"I'm sure it will be easier when this divorce goes through," she told me once. "I'm sure that he'll be happier when that's over."

There came a morning in late July when she rang me at the aerodrome. She said: "Johnnie, I want to meet you for a talk. Not here. Could we meet at Huddlestone?"

"Fine," I said. "I could be there by half past five. Is it serious?"

"A bit," she said.

WHEN I drove into the village street at twenty past five she was already there and waiting for me, rather pale and quiet. We left the cars parked and walked down the lane together and into the woods, fragrant and cool and silent. When we were out of sight of the last house I took her hand and said: "What's the trouble, Brenda?"

She turned to face me. "Three troubles," she said. "First, Derek's withdrawn his petition for a divorce."

"That's a bad one," I said quietly.

She had had a letter from her solicitor. She showed it to me.

"What's behind this?" I asked.

"Doctor Somers," she said. "I went to see him this morning. That's the second trouble. I asked him if he knew anything about this change of Derek's mind, and he said that he thought a doctor shouldn't try to influence his patient's mind in matrimonial affairs. And then he went on to talk about Derek. He said that he had not, himself, detected any symptoms that he would describe in court as mental illness. He said that he was beginning to feel that the certification was due for a review."

I pressed her hand. "Does this mean that he's going to let him out?"

She nodded. "I think he's been putting the same idea into Derek's

now there loomed a new complication that I had not foreseen

"I shall have to get a job abroad, and Brenda will have to come with me as my wife," I said. But Mrs. Duclos shook her head. "It wouldn't do," she said

head, and that's why he isn't going on with the divorce."

I asked her: "What's the third trouble?" I knew the answer to that one, of course.

She faced me. "I'm in the family way."

I grinned at her. "That's not a trouble," I said. "That's a damn good thing. I was hoping for that."

She stared at me, bewildered, and then she smiled, and then she burst into tears. I had never seen her in tears before; I took her in my arms and let her cry. And when her sobs had eased I said: "Maybe we shouldn't have done it, but I'm glad we did. We've wanted to have a family, and now we're going to. It's going to make things just a little bit more complicated, but we'll get over that."

"Just a little bit more complicated," she sobbed. "That's an understatement."

"There's two of us now to work things out together," I said. I paused for a moment in thought. "First of all, I think I ought to go and have a talk with your mother."

She stared at me. "Do you want to?"

"I'll be scared stiff," I admitted. "But I think your mother might think better of me if I told her about it."

When I got back to Duffington I went to the aerodrome and rang up Mrs. Duclos at the Manor. She said that Brenda wasn't home yet. I knew that, because we had arranged it so. I told her that I wanted to have a talk with her and she told me to come along at half past eight that evening.

When I went to the Manor I was shown into the drawing-room. Mrs. Duclos was there alone; she got up to meet me. "Brenda came in, but she went to bed," she remarked.

I nodded. "I know," I said. "I arranged that with her." She drew herself up a little. "I wanted to talk with you about this divorce."

She said a little testily: "Well, *I* can't do anything about that."

I nodded. "I know." And then I said: "There's something new now that you'll have to know about. Brenda's in the family way, and I'm responsible."

She stared at me. When she spoke she sounded much older. "I won't pretend to you that this is a surprise," she said. "What are you going to do now?"

"We'll have to try and get Derek to go on with the divorce," I said. "Which of the three of us would be the best person to go and see him? I'm quite ready to."

She shook her head. "Not you. I'll go and see him myself. Perhaps I'll have a talk with his eldest brother George first, up in Halifax. He's got a very good head on his shoulders."

Presently I said: "Suppose that doesn't come off. Suppose he won't have a divorce. Suppose Doctor Somers lets him out. We've got to think of what would happen then."

"Yes," she said dryly. "We may as well start thinking about that."

I nodded. "I've been thinking about it. There's only one thing we could do that would solve everything. I shall have to get a job abroad, and Brenda will have to come with me as my wife."

She shook her head. "It wouldn't do."

"Why not?"

"Brenda wouldn't go," she replied. "She's Derek's wife."

I was silent.

"You don't know her very well," she said. "A divorce when a continuation of her marriage was hopeless—yes. She accepted that. I think she would go on with the divorce now, for the sake of her child, and for you, even if Derek were to get out." She stared into the fire. "But to leave her husband and go away with you, unmarried—Brenda would never do that."

That had never entered my head.

"I think I shall go up to Halifax tomorrow," she said, "and have a talk with George. He might be able to talk Derek round."

GEORGE MARSHALL came down next weekend. He went to The Haven on the Saturday morning, and on the Saturday afternoon Brenda brought him out to the aerodrome.

He was a big, heavy man about fifty years old, considerably older than Derek. He was very Yorkshire, with an air of burly prosperity about him.

"Ye've got a champion little club here, Mr. Pascoe," he remarked. "Do ye make it pay?"

"It makes a profit every year," I told him. "Not a very large one. When we look like making money, the committee drops the rates."

"Aye," he said. "That's one way of doing it." And then he said: "Ye'll be wondering how I got on this morning. Well, Derek will have nowt to do with any divorce."

"You told him about Brenda?"

"Aye, I told him about that. But he'd have nowt to do with it. He can be obstinate, can Derek. I wouldn't say that anything he said was very sensible. Said he'd be getting out of The Haven before long, and then he'd make his mind up what was best."

"*Is* he going to get out soon?"

"If that Doctor Somers has anything to do with it, he will. Proper ninny that one is, alongside Doctor Baddeley. But there's two needed to sign the certificate, and two needed to unsign it. It's not unsigned yet."

"You think he should stay in?"

"Aye," he said heavily. "I do. Always queer was Derek, ever since he was a little lad. Always doing things he shouldn't do, we had to cover up."

"When would he get out?"

"Well, now, it wouldn't be very soon. There's nothing started yet and these things take a while."

Brenda was there, but this man talked good sense; he had influence in this affair and I might not have another chance to talk to him. I said: "October's a bad time for a miscarriage."

Brenda flushed and looked annoyed, but George Marshall said: "He's right, lass. It wouldn't do for you to be in Duffington when Derek gets out of The Haven. Ye'll have to go away for the sake of the baby."

She was silent. This loud-spoken, positive man was driving her along more quickly than he should. But she recognized the goodwill in George and struggled to keep up with him. "It's all so new," she said. "I want a little time to think it over. If I've got to go anywhere couldn't I go to France?"

We talked about that for a little while. For her reputation in the district, too, it would be better for her to go before her condition became apparent. She could give out that she was going to spend the winter in the south of France with her mother. If she then came back to Duffington with a baby—well, that was a bridge that we could cross when the time came.

IN the weeks that followed we met several times. We were happy to be together, forgetting our troubles for a few hours.

Then one evening she phoned me to come up to the Manor for dinner. When I got there she was waiting for me in the drawing-room with her mother, and she was looking white and drawn. "Something has happened, Johnnie," she said. "Derek."

"Something important?" I asked.

Mrs. Duclos said: "He's applied for his certificate to be annulled. The commissioners in lunacy are coming down to examine him."

It seemed that Derek had made a formal application to the visiting committee for a review of his case. The procedure now was that two of the commissioners, one of whom had to be a doctor and one a barrister, were to examine him. If their report was favourable Derek would be free.

When we had been over and over the miserable business, I said: "I think you both ought to go abroad."

"When?" she asked thoughtfully.

"As soon as you can."

Brenda said: "It's like running away."

She knew that she would have to go, but she fought for a long time against a decision. In the end, at about eleven o'clock, she finally agreed.

They decided to go to Cannes. A couple of days later I saw them off at the station. It was terribly, terribly lonely when they'd gone.

* * * *

Some time after that George Marshall rang me up from the Manor and asked if I would run up there to see him. I had no idea that he was in the district. I went up there at once and had a talk with him. It seemed that Mrs. Duclos had been in touch with him before she left and that he had undertaken to see that the house was ready for Derek when he came out of The Haven, with some member of the family living there to run it for him.

I said: "You think Derek will be coming out?"

"The commissioners are coming down here on the sixteenth of October," he said. That was a fortnight hence. "But—no, I'd be surprised if they should let him out."

"I thought it was a certainty."

"It never was that. . . ." He stood and thought for a minute, and then he said: "Ye've a right to know how things are, Mr. Pascoe. When Derek was in trouble and was certified three years ago, the court and the commissioners didn't know the half of it. We didn't see the sense in making a bad matter worse by raking up old troubles when he was a boy, things we'd been able to cover up and no scandal, and all forgotten about. But now it's different. He's happy in The Haven and well looked after. We wouldn't want to see him given the responsibility of living his own life again."

He paused, and then said heavily: "I went and saw Mr. Justin Forbes, in his chambers, and told him everything that had happened, ever since Derek was a little lad. He's one of the commissioners, the barrister."

"He took it seriously?"

"Aye, he did that."

We stood in silence for a time. I

MEN!

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See page 28

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was sorry for this man, sorry for all of them. But things seemed to be improving again as far as Brenda was concerned, and I went back and wrote to her cheerfully.

Thereafter life went on in a normal, routine sort of way. I wrote to her every other day and she wrote to me. Presently the commissioners arrived, examined Derek, and decided that he had better stay where he was.

Early in January I took some leave and left for France. Brenda was very well and more composed than I expected. She was becoming very interested now in her coming baby, which she had decided was to be a boy.

She thought that Derek must agree to a divorce before very long, since it must now be clear to him that their marriage could not go on. She thought it would be better, when that happened, if I could get a job abroad as a commercial pilot, so that when we married we could start off fresh in a new place, away from England.

"But till then we'll have to go back to Duffington, shan't we?" she said. "After the baby's born?"

"Nobody has to do anything," I told her. "I think I ought to go on at Duffington for the time being, anyway. But that doesn't mean you'd have to come back there. Would you like a little house somewhere nearby?"

"I don't know," she said slowly. "If I didn't go back to Duffington it would be like running away."

"It might look a bit odd if you went back there with a baby."

"That doesn't matter," she replied. "I thought perhaps that I might say he was my sister's baby."

"Have you got a sister?" I asked.

She smiled. "No. But one has to say something."

She had her own way of looking at things and her reputation didn't seem to worry her a bit. I left her at the end of the fortnight reasonably happy in my mind about her. I went back to Duffington, and there I found a letter waiting for me from George Marshall. He told me he had failed again to make Derek consider a divorce.

I was barely two months back at Duffington and then I was off again to Cannes. Four days after I arrived her baby was born, and it was a girl.

I saw her for a few minutes that evening, weak and exhausted. She was terribly disappointed. I tried to cheer her up. "Girls are fun," I said. "I'd rather have a girl."

"I did so want a boy."

"Girls can be pilots, too," I said. She squeezed my hand.

She recovered her strength quickly, but the sense of disappointment persisted. During the last week of my leave I raised the question of the baby's name once or twice. I wanted to call her Brenda, and she agreed to that without much interest. So the child was registered as Brenda Margaret. She was fond of her, but her mind was set more on flying her Moth that summer. If it had been a boy I think things might have been different.

I went back to my job, and on my first Monday I flew her Moth down to Heston for the renewal of the Certificate of Airworthiness. I left it there for some work to be done and wrote to her in Cannes about it. In her reply she said that she would fly it back herself from London on her way home, which would save me another journey.

She flew in one afternoon at about tea time. I knew that she was coming, for her mother and the baby and a nurse had arrived the day before.

Young Ronnie Clark was learning to fly at that time and he was coming out for a lesson at four o'clock. We were up at about three thousand feet that afternoon in a clear sky and I scanned the horizon to the south, looking for Brenda's Moth. I saw her as a faint speck in the distance and pointed her out to Ronnie; we flew towards her and came round into loose formation with her, and flew together the last five miles towards the aerodrome waving at each other.

She met us, radiant, upon the tarmac, and it was just like the old days of the previous summer. Ronnie switched off the engine and we sat unbuckling our helmets, and she came up to the machine beside us. "Johnnie," she said, "It's lovely to be back. . . ."

"Lovely for us," I said quietly. Ronnie was there, of course, and the young don't miss much. We got out on the tarmac and pushed the machines into the hangar. Behind the Bluebird we were out of sight and I took her in my arms and kissed her.

I went up to the Manor for dinner next evening. Already the gaiety of her arrival had been dissipated by the constraints of Duffington. She had rung up Dr. Somers and had asked if her husband would like her to visit him. He had been reasonably cordial, but had warned her that the subject was a delicate one and he would have to approach it tactfully. He would ring her as soon as he had done so, probably before the end of the week.

I went back to the inn that night deeply troubled in my mind. It seemed to me that we had made a vast mistake in bringing her back to Duffington with her baby and that nothing but trouble lay ahead of us.

She came out and flew her Moth for a time next day. It seemed to put her mind at rest and she came down far more composed and cheerful than she had been when she had taken off. On the following day she came out and flew it again, but she had heard nothing from Dr. Somers. And that evening she rang me up at the aerodrome.

She said: "Johnnie, can you come up here at once? I've got to talk to you. Derek's escaped."

"My God!" I said. "Where is he now?"

"They don't know. They're out looking for him."

"All right, darling. I'll be with you straight away."

I hurried up to the Manor. My first concern, of course, was for the safety of Brenda and her baby.

"I'll sleep here tonight," I said.

She shook her head. "There's no need to do that. He won't come home."

"How do you know that?"

"It's the first place they'd look for him. He'll keep right away from us," she said. "He's only got to stay free for a fortnight."

"I've heard something about that," I replied. "After a fortnight he's regarded as sane, isn't he?"

"That's right."

I took her hand. "Look, dear," I said, "this puts the lid on it. I'll slip down to Oxford tomorrow and find somewhere for you to go—a furnished house, if possible, or else a flat."

"It won't do, Johnnie," she said sadly. "I'm sorry, but it just won't do."

"Why not?"

"I'm his wife. That's why."

"He agreed to divorce you. You wouldn't have been his wife by this time; you'd have been married to me. But he's not right in the head, and he went back on it. We can't go along on those lines. They're crazy lines."

"I know they are," she said. "Some day perhaps we'll get them straightened out. But, in the meantime, I'm his wife and this is where I'll have to stay till he comes home."

That was the twenty-eighth of April and the fortnight would be up on May 12. On May 13 Derek might be expected to show up if they hadn't caught him before.

Throughout that fortnight the tension grew till it became nearly unbearable. I used to lie awake most nights till two or three in the morning. On top of the anxiety and the suspense over Derek, I had a terrible feeling that Brenda was growing away from me. Our aims were different. I wanted her to leave her husband and become my wife in fact, if not in law. She wanted to stay with him, because of her sense of duty.

She came out to the aerodrome on the morning of the eleventh. She seemed completely normal, went to the club house to change into her boiler-suit and came back to the machine. I had it out upon the tarmac and I was in the cockpit running-up the engine for her; I was doing everything I possibly could for her at that time, myself. She went into the office for a moment and came out again. I throttled back and got out, and she got into it without speaking. She fastened her belt, smiled at me and taxied out to take-off.

I watched till she was in the air and then went back into the office. There was a note there on my desk. It read:

Dear Johnnie—
Thank you for everything.
Brenda.

I dashed out on to the tarmac, with a ghastly feeling of disaster in my throat. She was coming over the aerodrome now at seven or eight hundred feet, flying straight and level. Then, as I watched, she throttled back the engine, pulled the nose of the machine right up and kicked on full rudder.

The Moth hesitated for a moment, and then fell over in a spin.

I breathed: "Oh God . . . no!"

I stood watching her in horror. At three hundred feet she was still spinning, and I shouted to the men to get the crash wagon. The elevators were still hard up, the rudder hard over. Then she centred the controls and the machine stopped spinning and went into a dive, gathering speed quickly.

She never made the slightest effort to pull out. She hit the ground near the far hedge with a splintering noise of wood, and as I ran I heard the crash wagon start up behind me.

To be continued next week

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ADMIRATION—1

Admiration: our polite recognition of another's resemblance to ourselves.

Ambrose Bierce

Electro-convulsive therapy—E.C.T.—sends instantaneous shocks across the front of a mental patient's brain. It is quick, causes no pain, and prevents many suicides

EMERGENCY CALL TO DANGER · 3

by FRED SULLIVAN

Love and money troubles drove Margaret to the brink of death. . . . How could we make her life worth living?

We cured a frightened girl —with shock

MY patient was wealthy and lived in a smart detached house in a riverside suburb of West London. From the outside, on a Sunday evening last spring, it looked quiet and peaceful. But the moment the maid opened the door I could feel the tension within.

The patient, whom I shall call George, had quarrelled with his wife so violently that he attacked her by throwing milk bottles. One of them broke, cutting her hand. When the doctor arrived and heard what had happened, he thought it best to send for me.

George, aged fifty-two and thick-set, was huffy when he learned that I was a mental welfare officer of the London County Council.

"What can you possibly want with me?" he demanded.

However, I got him talking and discovered that although he had risen to a well-paid position in his firm, he had achieved this at the expense of allowing his work to become an obsession.

He had no outside interests of any kind. Weekends, when his office was closed, bored him intensely, and his irritability at these times was uncontrollable. I have seen men of his type come to need treatment in a mental hospital. Luckily, George had not yet reached that stage.

I told him bluntly that he was ruining his health and his marriage.

His jaw dropped. "It's years," he said, "since anybody has spoken to me like that."

Nevertheless, I persisted with my warning and finally he agreed, rather grudgingly, that he could, he supposed, do quite a bit to improve his garden.

When I left he looked shattered. But two months later he sent me a very friendly note. "Thanks very much. I'm doing what you said—and it works."

Mental illness, in varying degrees of severity, is one of Britain's most pressing medical problems. Two hundred people are admitted to hospital as mental cases every day of the year. Some 150,000 mental patients are now in hospitals in Britain, occupying more than forty per cent of available beds. Probably as many patients again attend hospitals and clinics as out-patients, or are seen at home by their doctors, specialists or psychiatric workers.

As I find in my job, mental illness—as distinct from mental deficiency, which is a separate condition, caused by brain defects at birth—attacks impartially. Patients are of all ages, from young children to elderly people, and from all occupations.

At the L.C.C., my twenty-five colleagues and I handle about seven thousand cases a year—the largest number of any city. Approximately one case in seven reacts violently to the suggestion of treatment, and occasionally it becomes necessary to restrain patients by force, to pursue them across rooftops or to bring them down from towers and church spires.

If a patient is homicidal, suicidal, or likely to harm himself, herself or others, a mental welfare officer has the authority to send the patient to hospital, for observation and perhaps treatment, for a minimum of three days.

Our first aim, though, is always to get the patient to agree to go into hospital voluntarily.

Fortunately, the current wider understanding of mental illness—that it is no more shameful than a broken limb or appendicitis—has led to an increase in the number of patients willing to do this. Whereas just after the war only forty-five per cent of mental hospital patients were voluntary, today the average figure is more than seventy per cent.

Furthermore, because patients are receiving treatment earlier, the proportion of recoveries has risen. Between eighty and ninety per cent of mental patients recover sufficiently to return to normal life. About seventy per cent of patients admitted leave hospital within six months; the average stay is from seven to eight months. If necessary, ex-patients are

Away from his strange world of mental illness, Sullivan relaxes with his wife, Alice, and their daughter, Janine

helped by gifts of money and clothing. Some are taught new trades.

Fascinating—and successful—experiments in raising the proportion of recoveries are being made. The basic idea is to give patients more responsibility.

At Worthing in Sussex, for example, many patients who in the past would have been kept in hospital are encouraged to live at home. They go to a special mental unit for their treatment, which lasts for an hour, or sometimes as long as a whole day.

Oldham, Lancashire, has an imaginative campaign for letting as many patients as possible take jobs in mills and factories. Elsewhere, hospitals are trying "open door" plans for patients—unthinkable not long ago, when it was believed that mental patients ought to be kept under lock and key.

At the beginning of 1956 most of the six hundred mental patients at a hospital in Ayrshire, Scotland, were in locked wards, spending their time in semi-idleness. Then an intensive programme of activities was begun. Patients left the wards to work, at first in groups of ten and later individually, doing jobs such as carpentry or farm work. The wards were decorated in cheerful colours, and patients were individually measured for two suits of clothes. Also, TV was installed in some of the wards.

The result was that 402 patients were discharged in 1956, compared with 133 in 1955. In 1957, the number of discharges rose to 484.

Such experiments are, of course, made in conjunction with medical treatment.

A FAIRLY common and effective treatment, used in mental hospitals throughout Britain, is electro-convulsive therapy, or E.C.T. as it is known. Consisting of a painless electric shock across the front of the brain, it can achieve dramatic results with depressives. One such patient of mine to whom it gave a fresh start in life was Arthur, an ex-soldier.

He saw plenty of action during the war, in North Africa and France, and found civilian life tame by comparison. Unmarried, without relatives and lonely, he drifted from job to job.

He took to crime, but was not a success at that either. He was caught on both the occasions he attempted housebreaking, and served two prison sentences. These wore down his spirits to the limit.

When the police called me to his room in West London, I found a sadly familiar scene. A farewell note was propped against the mantelpiece clock and a tumbler lay overturned on a table.

Arthur was sprawled on the bed. He was conscious, though, having vomited the aspirins he had swallowed.

In the ambulance on the way to hospital, where E.C.T. snapped him out of his depression and he made a promise, subsequently kept, to settle down to regular employment, I discovered that the suicide attempt had been partly a fake. Deep down, he had no real wish to die. When he swallowed the aspirins he knew that he had taken only half the lethal dose.

"I wanted to be noticed," he admitted. "I wanted to cause a fuss and make somebody take an interest in me."

Unhappily, since the war the number of people in Britain who succeed in killing themselves has risen by twenty per cent to 5,300 a year. Every year charges of attempted suicide are made against 5,400 people, many of whom show fantastic determination. A welfare officer colleague of mine was called to a patient who had cut his wrists but still lived. The poor man thereupon tried to cut his throat, but remained conscious. He then endeavoured to hang himself, but the rope broke. Finally, he put his head in a gas oven, and would have died if the meter had not run out.

When I worked in mental hospitals I helped to give E.C.T. to patients who had tried to jump off bridges, throw themselves under trains or end their lives by other means. If necessary the treatment was given at home.

Margaret, for instance, was a repertory actress from the Midlands. She was a success and always got leading parts, but after a while the strain of repertory, added to the worry of an unhappy marriage and money difficulties, brought on a nervous breakdown. When she ignored her doctor's advice to rest, she lost weight and could not sleep. Eventually she became suicidally depressed and jumped into a canal, hoping to drown, but a policeman rescued her.

She refused to become a voluntary patient in a mental hospital. "Hospitals terrify me," she said.

The equipment we took to her home was about the size of an office typewriter. Margaret lay on her bed and I held electrodes at her temples.

For a fraction of a second, an electrical current of 120 volts passed between the electrodes. Instantly, she became unconscious and the muscles of her body contracted. She was unconscious for ten minutes, but within half an hour was fully awake again.

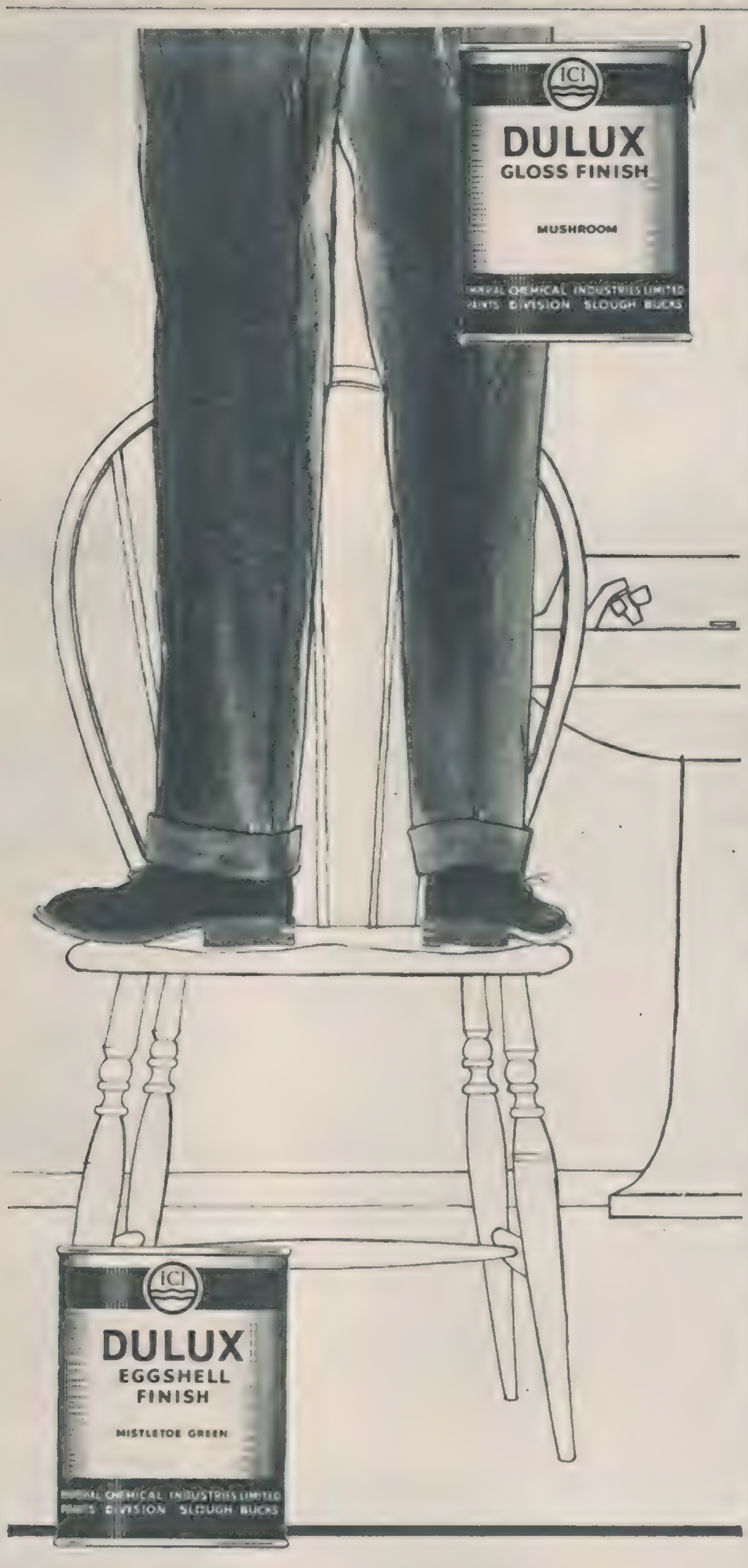
"The muzziness in my head has gone," she said. "When is the treatment going to start?" As is usual when E.C.T. has been given, she could remember nothing of what had happened since several minutes before the electrodes had been applied.

At the end of ten treatments, spread over five weeks, Margaret had regained her appetite, normal sleep—and her star position in the repertory company.

The one great drawback of E.C.T. used to be that it could not be given to a patient with high blood pressure; the shock might cause a fatal stroke. In 1950, I was a member of the medical team which pioneered an answer to this problem. We used curare, the South American blow-pipe poison.

One of our patients was John, a man of seventy, who for no reason we could discover had suddenly become deep in a suicidal depression.

First, we gave him a general anaesthetic—an injection of pentathol—and when he was unconscious, a small injection of curare, carefully calculated



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BEYOND THE REEFS

by **WILLIAM TRAVIS**

In the exotic lagoons of the Indian Ocean, William Travis went skin-diving for precious green snail—and riches. There was a wealth of adventure to be had, too, among the islands' giant "prehistoric" tortoises, strange birds and dangerous fish. Travis describes his fascinating adventures next week

A John Bull Book Extract

"I've come out in spots"

according to his age and physical condition, was given intravenously. In a few seconds it affected his medulla, the nerve-centre at the back of the brain. His muscles automatically relaxed; he lost all control of them.

Had he been a blow-pipe victim in the jungle, he would have been an easy prey for the hunter, alive yet unable to move. As far as we were concerned, the tremendous advantage the poison afforded was that when we gave him an electric shock his body remained inert and he had no convulsion to raise his blood pressure.

It was safe to give him three shocks in as many minutes.

When the effects of the anaesthetic and curare had worn off, he made a total recovery. He returned to his former cheerful self and went home, much to the delight of his wife; they were a devoted couple.

Another quick treatment for mental illness, used when the patient is aggressively suicidal or homicidal, is the brain operation leucotomy. In

ADMIRATION—2

Nothing so lifts a man from all his mean imprisonments as true admiration.

Thomas Carlyle

highly skilled and experienced hands, its results can be astonishing. Thirty-six of a group of a hundred mental patients operated on in Scotland recovered sufficiently to return home, while forty were improved.

However, in my opinion it is not to be recommended lightly. Recently I was called to the casualty department of a big London hospital where a girl of eighteen was mentally ill. From her childhood, she had suffered from epilepsy. When she grew old enough to go to work, her fits, though mild ones, made six employers in succession give her the sack, and on each occasion she attempted suicide.

She was on her way to a dance when she felt another fit coming on, and went straight to the hospital. When she told me that a specialist she had seen had recommended a leucotomy operation, and that it was to take place in a few days' time, I confess that I was worried until I heard that the operation was a success. The risks involved in the operation are considerable, and it is a measure to be taken only as the last resort, when all other treatments have been tried and have failed.

I shall never forget when it was tried on a patient in Birmingham, where I was a welfare officer before coming to London.

The patient was a schoolmaster. I was called to his house by his family doctor. The schoolmaster was in a pathetic state, wrecking his living-room and threatening to kill his terrified family. At the mental hospital to which I took him he had to be put in a padded cell.

When a leading London neuro-surgeon decided to perform a leucotomy on him, the doctor and I, who had taken an interest in the case, attended the operation.

It was simple, lasting for only seven minutes. The surgeon made a tiny incision on both sides on the temple and cut the white nerve fibres there. These fibres, at the front of the brain, are believed to be routes for emotional impulses.

The operation was certainly successful in that it ended the schoolmaster's craving for destruction, but it completely changed his personality. He lost all interest in life, all initiative and ambition. He became a robot, condemned to spend the rest of his days in a mental ward.

Drugs have an effective, and less drastic, part in the fight against mental illness.

Recently I was called to a lodging house in central London where an Indian had shut himself in his room and was throwing furniture out of the window.

I discovered that he had ambitions as a freelance journalist, but acceptances had been few. He had kept himself going by taking benzedrine and similar stimulants, but had increased the amounts out of reasonable proportion. The result of this was hallucinations.

"I hear voices," he shouted at me through the locked door. "They are telling me to make trouble."

He was so unresponsive to my efforts to help him that two hours of persuasion were needed to make him open the door. When he had done this, a policeman had to be called to help to get him into an ambulance. Then he was taken to hospital for treatment.

As soon as he was there, a sedative countered the effects of the stimulants. He relaxed. He had his first proper night's sleep in months, and a good meal. In a couple of days the hallucinations ended and his mental health was restored.

A drug which is now sometimes tried when psychiatrists are diagnosing cases of mental illness is lysergic acid diethylamine—the "Alice in Wonderland drug," as it has been called.

The patient feels that he or she has shrunk in size. Tables, chairs and other surroundings appear to be as big as they did when the patient was a child. This "journey back through time," as it were, helps the patient to remember earlier years and can bring to light incidents, long since forgotten, at the root of the mental illness.

In America, a research physician has reported success in treating chronic schizophrenics with injections of a protein-free extract from the pineal glands in the brains of beef cattle; fifteen cattle are needed to produce one gramme of the powder necessary for each daily injection.

Other American mental health workers report enthusiastically on treating schizophrenics with the drug

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chlorpromazine, alternatively known as largactil and reserpine. One large American mental hospital has almost entirely dropped E.C.T. in favour of it, given by daily intra-muscular injection or orally, over a treatment period lasting three months.

British doctors are inclined to be more cautious in their views on the value of the drug, though in a hospital in Nottingham, patients who had not left their wards for twenty years were given it and were enabled to go out to football matches, restaurants and cinemas without supervision.

Yet another drug which has been found valuable in treating mental illness is somnifane, more widely known, perhaps, for inducing "twilight sleep" in childbirth. It is particularly useful when the patient is over-active, but calls for an amount of nursing care which understaffed hospitals cannot give.

In Essex we had the case of Simon, who was a doctor, a G.P. His mental illness changed his personality. He became restless and disturbed. He quarrelled with his wife and even with his patients. He spent every night pacing his house, talking to himself aloud.

After a while it became obvious that if he did not rest and have treatment he would burn himself out. His wife arranged for a locum to take over the practice and Simon entered the mental hospital as a voluntary patient.

Treatment took the form of injections of somnifane, each calculated to keep him semi-conscious for twenty-four hours. When he was on the point of awakening, he was fed and washed. Then another injection made him unconscious for a further twenty-four hours.

This went on for a fortnight, at no time during which was he completely conscious. When he did wake, his illness had vanished.

A coma of a different kind was induced in the treatment of Jill, a schizophrenic who reached a catatonic, or comatose, state.

Jill was a salesgirl, nineteen years old and attractive. She had been intelligent at school, was a good mixer and fond of dancing. She had known her boy friend since the age of sixteen, and as time passed the romance grew until the pair became unofficially engaged.

She considered herself halfway to the altar when suddenly her boy friend, without giving any reason, sent her a brief note ending the association.

When she had got over the first outburst of tears, her grief left her moody. She isolated herself, spent evenings at home alone and did not talk to her colleagues at work.

Finally, her unhappiness reached the stage when she would not get out of bed one morning and simply lay there, refusing to eat or drink. In alarm, her mother called a doctor, and the doctor sent for me.

"How are you feeling, Jill?" I asked her.

There was no reply. I tried her with other questions, but although she could hear me and was aware of what was going on around her, she was incapable of talking.

I turned to her mother. "I think she had better come to hospital," I said. "Would you agree to that?"

"Of course," said the mother. "I want her back to what she used to be."

Not expecting an answer, I asked Jill what she thought of the idea. Her reaction took me by surprise. At the mention of the word "hospital" she leapt out of bed and attacked me. She was strong, and I had difficulty in stopping her from clawing at my eyes.

There was no hope of persuading her to get dressed, so I wrapped a blanket round her, carried her downstairs to the ambulance I had waiting outside, and took her to hospital.

The next day I visited her. "She hasn't opened her mouth," the ward sister told me.

I went over to Jill's bed. "Do you remember me?" I asked.

She looked at me closely, then said, very faintly and slowly: "Yes."

This one word was quite an achievement. It was a change for the better, meaning that she had responded to ordinary hospital care and environment.

After she had been given a thorough medical check-up, she was started on a course of deep insulin treatment.

Insulin deprives the brain of sugar, and it has been found that a large dose of the drug gives the brain a shock which results in a coma. Whereas the normal minimum dose for a diabetic is ten units of insulin a day, the hospital's special staff which concentrated on insulin treatment gave Jill twenty units on her first day. When she recovered from the coma she was normal for fifteen minutes.

The next day she was injected with twenty-five units, and her period of subsequent normality was a little longer.

In all, her course lasted for fourteen weeks, with injections on six days of each week. At the end of the course, her final injection was of 450 units and her abnormal behaviour did not return. She went home and continued with her job.

Twelve months later she suffered a relapse—as happens quite often after an initial course of deep insulin—and her old, morose self returned. She was

ADMIRATION—3

Admiration is a youthful fancy which scarcely ever survives to mature years.

H. W. Shaw

sufficiently aware of what had happened to call and see me at my office. I telephoned her hospital and asked if she could go back there as a voluntary patient. The hospital agreed, and she was given another course of insulin. This treatment has now cured her and encouraged her to realize that she still has chances of making a happy marriage.

With increasing frequency, medical men who are called to diagnose and prescribe treatment for cases of suspected mental illness are looking for physical reasons.

A man in south London who was recovering from an extremely bad attack of influenza became convinced that his bedroom was at ground level. He got up during the night, walked out on to a balcony and fell twenty feet into the garden below, fracturing his spine.

From experience, I was able to assure his anxious relatives that he was not mentally ill; the influenza had set up a toxaemia which had temporarily affected his mind. The man's unusual behaviour disappeared when his convalescence progressed.

Another illness which can, on occasions, cause a toxaemia is pneumonia. For a time, the patient lapses into a delirium which is certainly not mental in origin.

Also, it has been known for sufferers from rheumatoid arthritis apparently to lose all reason. The matron of a general hospital once sent for me because one of her patients, who was suffering from this disease, had turned irrational and violent, disturbing the ward and preventing the other patients from getting any sleep.

"Is he being treated with cortisone?" I asked.

When the matron said that he was, I refused to have him transferred to a mental ward. It is possible for cortisone to set up a psychosis, producing a seeming mental illness.

I had the tricky task of telling the matron, as diplomatically as I could, that the patient would return to his usual self if the treatment were given a rest.

While they last, cardiac conditions too can bring on abnormal behaviour. The brain is denied its full share of oxygen and sugar, resulting in hallucinations—such as those suffered by a cardiac patient to whom I was called. He had lost all sense of time. He believed that night was day and frightened his wife by insisting on getting dressed at 2 a.m.

This trouble can affect the elderly, and I had it in mind when, one cold December morning, a doctor rang me.

"An eighty-year-old patient of mine, a Mrs. Hall, is rather peculiar," he said. "I suggest that you send her to a mental home, where she will be looked after properly."

When I arrived at her address, I found it to be an almshouse. On the way there, I had seen decorations, coloured lights and other signs of approaching Christmas in front-room windows, but Mrs. Hall's two-room home looked cheerless.

I knocked on the door, prepared for anything to happen. I once visited a charming old lady who had been described as "rather peculiar" and she solemnly made me a cup of tea without using tea leaves or milk. Another elderly patient attacked me with a walking stick, and a third went for me with an axe.

Mrs. Hall, though, welcomed me in what appeared to be a perfectly normal, if subdued and expressionless, fashion. In front of her empty grate stood the doctor and, looking rather uncomfortable I thought, a well-built, prosperous-looking man who turned out to be her son.

The doctor told me that he had been seeing Mrs. Hall regularly for several months. He had noticed a steady decline in her interest in life. Recently she had taken to going to bed in the mid-afternoon and staying there until the following morning.

I asked the son a question. "How often do you visit your mother?"

He shrugged. "As often as I can."

I pressed the point and he admitted that it was eight months since he had called on her or even written a letter.

I asked the men to wait in their car outside while I talked to Mrs. Hall alone. Gradually I pieced together the story of her struggle for existence—the problem of managing on £2 a week pension and 14s. a week from a local trust.

"Summer isn't too bad," she said. "I can sit out in the open and I have nothing to pay for heating. But of course, all the year round there's the loneliness. . . ."

We talked for what must have been an hour and a half, Mrs. Hall losing her reticence all the while and a more lively expression coming over her face. She told me: "You're the first person I've really been able to talk to for weeks."

The doctor came in and asked what I was going to do.

"This isn't a case for a mental home," I told him. "I think you'll find that your patient's trouble is merely that she is lonely."

I arranged with the W.V.S. for Mrs. Hall to be kept company on two afternoons a week—and I gave to her son what I admit was a sharp ticking off, reminding him of filial duties and making him promise to play an active part in his mother's welfare.

When treating cases of mental illness, the importance of widening patients' interests, providing something new on which to concentrate, is enormous.

Many mental hospitals organize what is known as group therapy. The patients taking part are those for whom drugs and electrical treatment are unsuitable—neurotics, who are continually crying and lamenting over their fate, and psycho-neurotics, who will call attention to themselves by, for example, running down the street in their nightclothes.

The therapy consists of a group of patients, whose case histories are similar, meeting and talking openly about their troubles under the chairmanship of a doctor. They derive encouragement from finding that other people have the same problems as themselves, and are getting over them.

Reaching that precise moment when a patient's illness is halted and the return to normality begins is perhaps the most rewarding thrill in mental health work.

When I was a nurse in a mental hospital I had a patient named Paul, aged twenty-three, who was suffering from a severe attack of schizophrenia.

He was admitted in a catatonic state. Insulin treatment could not begin at once—his physical condition had to be improved—and for days he lay in bed motionless.

When the insulin treatment did begin, he failed to show the degree of improvement expected.

I decided that nothing could be gained by letting him lie in bed any longer. I put a dressing gown on him, helped him to his feet and persuaded him to walk a few steps. He moved as if in a dream, with his eyes closed.

This happened every afternoon for several days. Then at the end of the week, the door of the ward's bathroom happened to be open. It was a well-equipped bathroom, with a row of tall mirrors above the washbasins, angled downwards.

Slowly I walked Paul towards one of the mirrors. He still had his eyes closed. When we stopped in front of the mirror, I gently tilted up his chin.

"Open your eyes," I said.

He shook his head. I asked him again, and then he opened them. He saw his reflection in the mirror—and was immediately jolted back to reality.

From that instant, his recovery began.

THE END

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Orchid-grower

by NOEL A. JONES

His soldiering done,
he took up orchid-growing
as a hobby,
laid plans to trap
the wayward sun.
Here, in his lobby
and conservatories,
bright battle-honours
bloom in bold array
for victories won.

His spray—
the deadliest weapon
in his armoury—
keeps greenfly and grub
at bay,
while rank on serried rank
of orchids, rose to gold,
lend colour to a life
where grace and loveliness uphold
his order of the day.

Have you got enough zip?

Continued from page 7

your neck, try to raise head, chest and elbows off the floor. If you can hold the position for ten seconds, your upper back muscles are as strong as they need to be for everyday life. To test your lower back muscles—from the same position on the cushion put your head and hands down and try to raise your feet and knees off the ground. If your lower back muscles are fit and adequately strong, the position can be held for ten seconds without undue sense of strain.

Fitness helps efficiency in all walks of life. Tests have shown that a housewife living in a two-storey house and doing her own housework may have to walk as much as fifty miles a week. If she has two children she washes up five tons of dishes every year, and reaching up into a cupboard to stack them she uses up as much energy in five minutes as a carpenter sawing wood.

Pedometer tests showed that a sister in the out-patient department of a hospital covered twenty-five miles a day; a nurse on the wards walked twelve miles. On London double-decker buses a conductor walks five miles and climbs 2,160 feet—the height of a small mountain—every working day.

"The best general indication of fitness is the grip test," says Graham Adamson, lecturer in physical education at the University of Leeds. On an instrument called a dynamometer, an average man shows a grip of about ninety pounds with his stronger hand and about ten pounds less with the weaker hand. The average athlete would be from twenty to thirty pounds stronger.

Barclay Palmer, the shot putter, had a grip of 147 pounds and a back strength of 650 pounds. Christopher Davidge, who rowed stroke for Oxford, astonished Adamson by forcing the dynamometer lever to the limit, showing a grip of more than two hundred pounds.

Another test is known as the "spring test." The subject stands flat-footed in front of a board or wall and reaches as high as he can. Then he jumps up and tries to touch the highest possible point above his original mark. A number of jumps are made and the general fitness of the person can be measured by the height they reach, and the speed with which the jumps decline from the best height.

"When a much-vaunted British heavyweight failed to get more than nineteen inches above his mark, and also gave a surprisingly poor result on the strength test, I knew that he could never go far," says Adamson. A person with plenty of "zip" gets two feet or more above the standing mark.

The most up-to-date methods of fitness training are weight-lifting and circuit training. These methods are rapidly replacing free-standing exercises in hundreds of clubs and schools.

Circuit training was developed by Adamson at Leeds. It consists of a number of activities arranged in a circuit, around which the person must exercise three times within a specified length of time. The advantage of the system when used in schools, for example, is that the weak do not compete against the strong. The nature of the circuit and the time to be taken is planned for each individual.

Weight training, which is used by many football clubs and groups of athletes to improve speed and stamina, is popular for the same reasons.

"Both men and women like weight training because there is a positive measure of strength; they can observe their own progress," says Al Murray, trainer to the British Amateur Weightlifters' Association.

Ray Ellington, the dance band leader, comedian Max Wall and singer Jill Day are among the many personalities who find that weight-training helps them to cope with strenuous lives. The victorious Wightman Cup girls built up their stamina with this form of exercise.

The careful study of physical fitness has brought remarkable progress in all forms of athletics. "A woman's team from the last Olympic Games would easily have beaten the best performances of the men of fifty years ago," says Adamson.

Experts say that it is very difficult to exhaust oneself completely by physical exercise. "To feel tired is not to *be* tired."

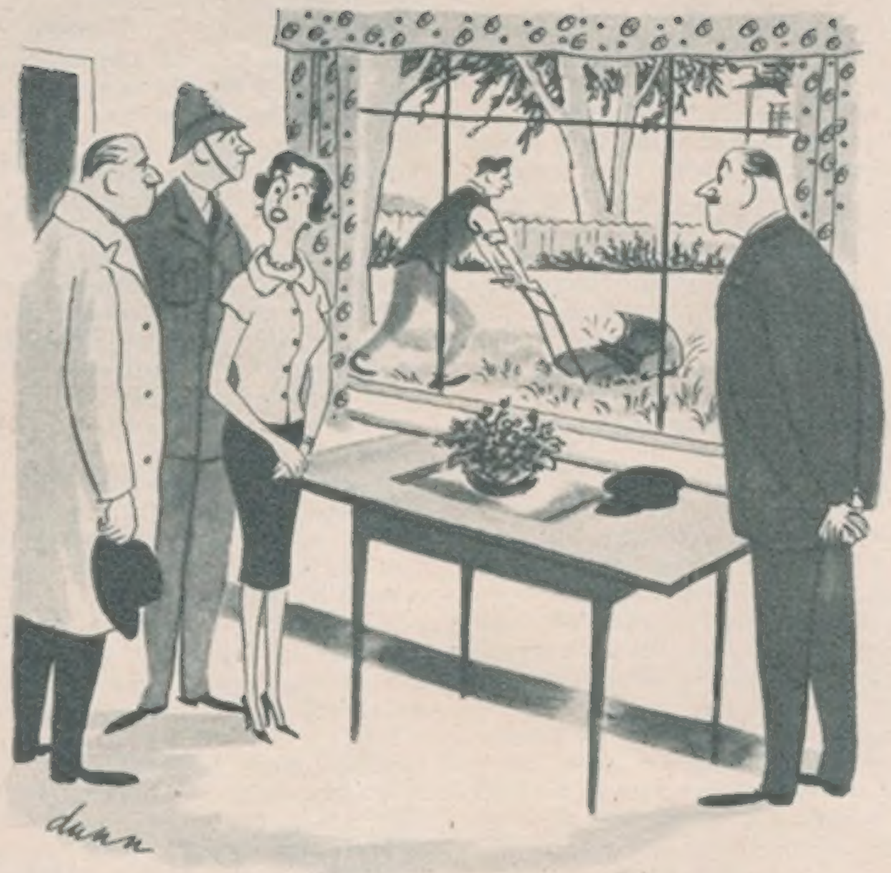
Most doctors agree that exercise gives immense benefits to the body. It improves the heart muscles, circulation and digestion; it wards off respiratory disease. lowers psychological tensions and gets more oxygen and glucose to the brain.

The positive advantage of exercise can be demonstrated in the case of the heart. The heart of a trained athlete at rest beats about fifty times a minute, sometimes even less. Derek Ibbotson has a pulse rate of thirty-eight. Doctors have estimated that a heart beating sixty times a minute gets the equivalent of eighteen days more rest in a year than an eighty-pulse heart, which is almost average.

For the normal person, moderation is the safe rule in exercise, particularly for the over-forties and for those who are much overweight.

"There is no point in fitness for its own sake," says one specialist. "Get fit to get the most out of life." If exercise results in embarrassing breathlessness a doctor should be consulted. If a good night's sleep fails to restore full energy the amount of exercise taken should be reduced. Before going on holiday regular daily exercise should be taken to tone up flabby muscles for unaccustomed activities.

People who really dislike exercise can find a minority medical opinion to support them. At least one doctor has expressed his agreement with a patient who said that he got enough exercise opening and closing a window, and that the fresh air that came in would last for years. THE END



"Surely another ten minutes won't make any difference?"

Pin-up of the Proms

Continued from page 15

Harry. There are two versions of how he came by the nickname Flash. One, his own: "... it really came from a wartime Brains Trust. The announcer ended the programme by saying that it had come from London, and listing the Brains Trusters—Huxley, Joad, Campbell, Sargent—then went on immediately to announce a concert from Manchester conducted by me. He didn't say the concert had been recorded—so there I was. Flash! Like the man in the comic strip."

The other version is that he was baptized Flash by Sir Thomas Beecham who, on hearing of Sir Malcolm's triumphs while conducting in Tokyo, commented "Flash in Japan, I suppose."

He is a man who believes in style. Recently he left a meeting with Sir Adrian Boult, who went to catch a bus. Sargent reprimanded him. "Conductors should ride by taxi," he said.

And he believes that the orchestra should show him both deference and respect, maintaining that it is part of the show.

Of course, Sir Malcolm's appetite for society and his insistence on attending every first night that he can, derives from loneliness, which he conceals carefully and effectively. His career has been fantastically successful, but there has been a great deal of unhappiness in his private life.

In spite of his healthy appearance, he has been stricken with tuberculosis and was once almost given up for dead in a sanatorium in Davos.

His wife divorced him just before he was knighted; his son, Peter, did not distinguish himself at Eton, and though he received a degree in music at Oxford, has not settled to a musical career. His daughter, Pam, contracted polio when she was eleven years old, and died suddenly at nineteen.

He lives alone in an elegant flat overlooking the Albert Hall, the rooms littered with musical scores.

Sargent says that he never wished to become a conductor, a claim which might at first seem to be a somewhat ungrateful gesture to his own good fortune. But in a sense it is true. He is too fond of music to have used it as a means for personal advancement, and it is because he has served music with such talent and unstinted dedication that he has become pre-eminent as a conductor.

ADMIRATION—4

Those who are formed to win general admiration are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.

Lady Blessington

He was born in 1895, in Stamford, and learned his craft with the thoroughness of an apprentice. Wishing to become an organist, he went to Peterborough Cathedral where, at the age of sixteen, he was asked to accompany the service. The chief organist there, a musician of the old school, put him through a thorough grounding in counterpoint. "While still in my teens I transposed every single hymn in *Ancient And Modern*, and if I made the mistake of writing two consecutive fifths I had to do it all again," he recalls.

In 1914 he was appointed organist in Melton Mowbray, and busied himself founding musical societies. After serving in the Durham Light Infantry he worked for his doctorate of music, and became a pupil of the pianist, Moiseivitsch.

About this time he began to compose, and it was because the manuscript of his *Impressions Of A Windy Day* was not given to Sir Henry Wood in time for proper rehearsals before a Promenade concert, that he told the composer that he would have to conduct the piece himself.

That evening Sir Henry Wood discovered not a composer, but a conductor greater than himself. Later, when Sargent conducted the first performance of Sir William Walton's *Belshazzar's Feast*, Beecham endorsed Wood's opinion.

After this there was no laying down the baton. Years with the British National Opera Company and the Russian Ballet followed seasons with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, and led to his long association with the Royal Choral Society, and his triumphant tours in Australia, Denmark, Sweden, Portugal and the United States, where he led the N.B.C. Orchestra, and in Italy, where he was the first Englishman to conduct the opera at La Scala, Milan.

Sir Malcolm's manner is misleading, and is calculated to be so. Meeting him casually, people form the impression that he is gifted with facility and a talent for improvisation. Precisely the opposite is true. The smoothness of his performance is achieved by careful study of scores, and an intolerance for anything but accuracy at rehearsals. "I'd been conducting for over ten years," he has admitted. "before I dared try a Brahms symphony."

Sir Malcolm no longer composes. "I get little time now. My concert diary is pretty full up, even for 1960, and you can't compose with other men's music in your mind. But, sometimes when I get a few days together in the country, I still do a job such as arranging a song-cycle. I'm not frustrated because I don't get more time for creative work. I enjoy conducting. And I'd rather walk in Bach's garden than sit around in my own."

He once paid dearly for his love of great music. Early in his career a cinema magnate offered the young organist £7,000 a year to play a daily ten-minute interlude on a mighty Würlitzer. "Not for seventy thousand," was Sargent's reply.

He believes that Britain now leads the world in musical composition and has done so since the days of Delius, Holst and Elgar. It was Elgar who said: "I shall not worry about the interpretation of my works so long as Malcolm Sargent is alive." Many contemporary composers would endorse that—Sir William Walton especially.

Sargent will always give a new work a careful performance, though he is not always confident that it will ever receive another. He assesses a great work of music as one which "will get more performances in fifty years' time than it does now."

One of his most likeable traits is that, though he may be giving a concert in Zürich on Monday, and another in Vienna on Thursday, he will never forget a friend's birthday—or, more important to him, that of a child. He can well afford to be generous, but at the same time he is a man busy enough to have an excuse if he forgets. There are many people in London who, with a confinement or an illness in the house, have received by post an envelope containing twenty £5 notes.

He believes that music is an emotional experience or nothing. He has no time for those who see in it philosophical interpretations. THE END

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